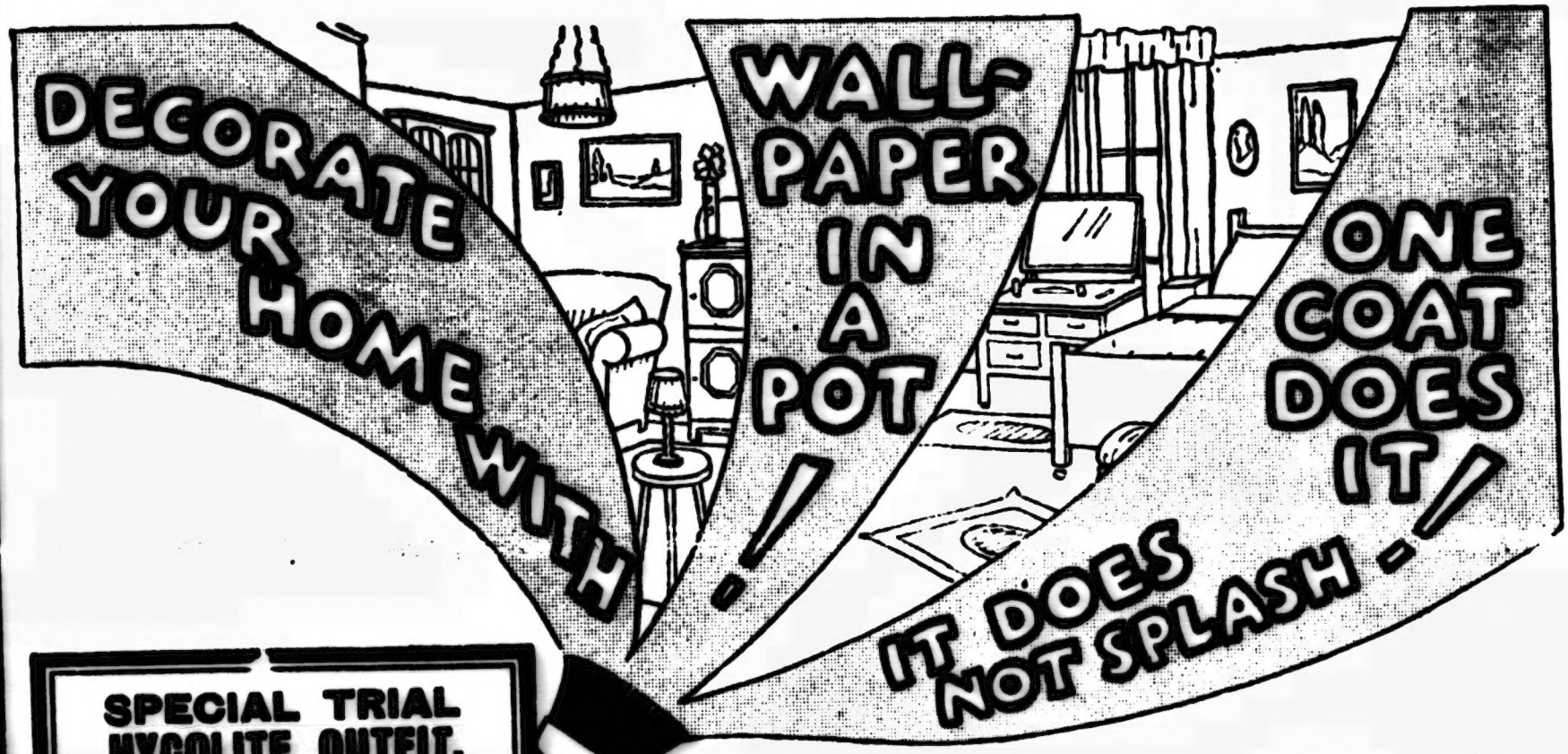
JOHN BULL; DECEMBER 29, 1928

Vol. XLIV. No. 1176.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE



SPECIAL TRIAL HYCOLITE OUTFIT.

A 7 lb. tin of HYCOLITE (enough for a small room), a 5/6 4-in. Brush, and a 1/- SORBO RUBBER SPONGE, for washing down walls, all for 14/6 carriage paid. Or 13/4 from your local shopkeeper.

ANTI-LIME PRIME HYCOLITE

One coat only of **ANTI-LIME PRIME HYCOLITE** positively permanently prevents lime from plaster penetrating wall-coverings, whether paint, distemper, paper or Hycolite, and causing blotches and patches by penetration. The only process in the world for which this can be claimed. Any paint, distemper or HYCOLITE LIQUID WALLPAPER can be applied 24 hours after Lime, Cement or Plaster of Paris plaster is finished. It means an ENORMOUS SAVING IN LABOUR, MATERIALS & CAPITAL. Special prices for quantities on application.

HYCOLITE *Liquid* WALLPAPER is the modern antiseptic germ-destroying wall covering—the Wallpaper in a pot—with it in one evening you can re-paper a whole room. One coat does it. No need to remove or cover up the furniture. *It does not splash.* Far cheaper, quicker, cleaner than papering, paste and scissors. Just apply HYCOLITE with a flat brush and see how easily and quickly you cover your walls with a warm, cheery actual wallpaper that will not peel or rub off. HYCOLITE is damp-proof and washable—you can use it for all interior decorations, including the bathroom. It is a highly plasticised form of actual paper to be applied with a brush, and when applied and dry looks like paper, feels like paper, because IT IS PAPER. Dries in 3 or 4 hours. It can be applied over Stone, Brick, Wood, Plaster, Cement, Asbestos sheeting, Beaver boards, etc. Obtainable in 24 up-to-date artistic shades. HYCOLITE costs only 6/10 for a 7 lb. tin (enough for a small room). Test HYCOLITE now. Ask your local Ironmonger or Oilman to-day.

Ask for details of HYCOLITE Paintable PLASTER and HYCOLITE Paintable FLOOR COVERING.

HYCOLITE

LIQUID WALLPAPER MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd., (Dept. J.B.), 34/36/38, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1 (Showroom).

Demonstrations daily at Messrs. Harrods, Barkers, and at 34, Victoria St., S.W.1.

Phone: Vic. 9891/2.

JOHN BULL'S GRAND DISTRIBUTION OF GIFT PACKAGES

Free "Gillette" Razor Set
containing a genuine gold-plated model of the famous "Gillette" razor, complete with blade, packed in handsome case, lined with primrose velvet.
Free 4-Colour Everpointed Pencil
Writes in red, blue, green or black—four pencils in one — complete with extra leads and rubber.
John Bull Gift Voucher
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Lever Filler Pen. Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment for each pen.
Available only until January 15, 1929.
Cut out and attach to Coupon below.
VALUE
Re-fills

Special Concession

OFFER EXTENDED 15 DAYS!

So popular has been our Great Distribution of Xmas Gift Packages that we have decided to extend the offer for 15 days.

FREE!

[1] A 4-Colour "Ever-pointed" Pencil.
Mechanically perfect, superbly finished, writes in blue, black, green or red, OR a dainty Lady's one-colour pencil in soft pastel shades.

[2] 1/ Gift Voucher.
Accepted as One Shilling cash in part payment of the famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen, fitted with solid 14-carat gold nib, iridium tipped. Guaranteed for two years.

[3] 7/6 "Gillette" Presentation Razor Set.
"Mayfair" de luxe, containing a gold-plated "Gillette" Razor in magnificent case of antique finish, handsomely decorated and sumptuously lined in velvet.
Cut out the Free Shilling Voucher above and attach to Coupon below. Offer expires on January 15, 1929.

Written two years' guarantee with each "John Bull" Pen

Free Lady's One-Colour Pencil
Finished in soft pastel shades, dainty and charming, complete with extra leads.

FREE 1/- GIFT VOUCHER.
Cut out and attach to coupon below.

"JOHN BULL" GIFT COUPON

To "JOHN BULL," Pen Dept., Room G, 77, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

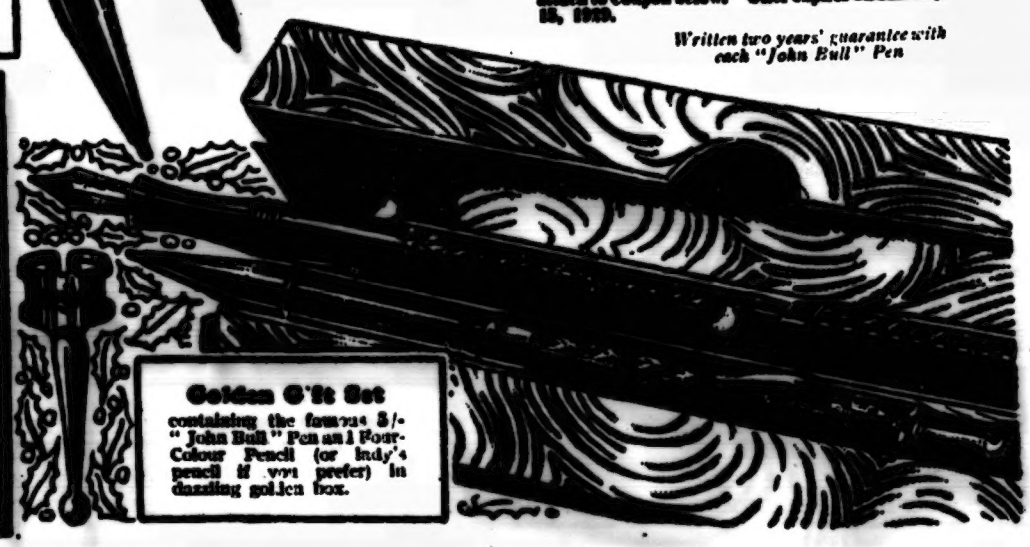
Please send me your Xmas Gift Package consisting of the famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen, the FREE Four-Colour "Ever-Pointed" Pencil OR the Lady's Pencil (cross out the pencil not desired), and the FREE 7/6 "Gillette" Presentation Razor Set. I enclose Gift Voucher, which please accept as One Shilling in part payment of the Pen, and also Postal Order for 4/- plus 1/- to cover pocket clip, extra box of refills for "Ever-pointed" Pencil, postage, packing, and insurance—making 5/- in all.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Fine, medium or broad nib. (Cross out grades not required.)
Your name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Write in capitals name or initials desired .....
Cross cheque/p.o. /& Co. / and make payable to "John Bull."
"J.B." 29/12/28.



Golden Gift Set
containing the famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen and Four-Colour Pencil (or lady's pencil if you prefer) in dazzling golden box.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS WORTH WATCHING

PREPAID RATE: 9s. PER LINE AVERAGING SIX WORDS, MINIMUM CHARGE, 27s.

Advertisements must be received not later than Thursday for the following Wednesday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue and Guide. Grimo's Warehouse, 2, Thomas Street, Manchester.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME BY selling Drapery and Remnants, best quality, cheapest prices (no rubbish). List free.—Clegg. Dept. B., Turner Street, Manchester (the old firm).

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat.—H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—R. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £3 Weekly, plus Bonus.—Sun Raincoats, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst friends. No Outlay. Illustrated catalogue free.—Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, nr. Leeds.

IF YOU WANT AGENTS—the kind that build for bigger and better business, try a little ad. under this heading. Men who are over on the look-out for a better opportunity or who seek to augment their income read these ads. week by week, and you will find them keenly responsive to your offer. One advertiser says: "*John Bull* brings me the best type of agent."—For further proof of the pulling power of *John Bull*, or in sending in an ad., address Small Advertisements Department, John Bull, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—Special training for Private or Commercial Service. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING trains to the standard of the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB official Certificate, which is the only standard of proficiency ACCEPTED BY EMPLOYERS. Employment Department licensed by the L.C.C.—Call or write for full particulars. BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner of Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House.)

KNITTERS wanted to Work GOLDEN FLEECE Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wages by output, experience not necessary. Send 1½d. stamp for prospectus.—S. R. M. CO., Dept. 15a, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Posts found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet free.—City Correspondence College (D.9), 95, New Oxford Street, London.

MEN, 19-35 wanted for Australian farms. Guaranteed employment. Advanced passages. Call or write, O/S Dept., Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list, F. to Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.C.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Samples for all trades with list of 897 prices sent for 2d. postage.—Stead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

IF YOU SELL BY MAIL ORDER, or if you have goods that appeal to the Million, advertise them in these Classified columns. *John Bull* readers make a point of scanning these ads. every week. One advertiser, who has not missed a single issue for six years, says, "I would be sorry to manage a mail order business without *John Bull*." For further proof of the pulling power of *John Bull*, or in sending in an ad., address Small Advertisements Department, John Bull 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 82, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL, BUNDLES 2/6 per lb. for Gifts, etc. Grey Yarn 3/3 lb. Navy 3/10 lb., post free. Price of samples, tweeds, etc.—Hunsted Burnetts, W.K. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

WOOLS.—Enormous sale reductions. Knitting, Hand, Machine, 12 oz., Rug 10½d., 2/- 1/6 lb. Rug Guide, 600 Samples Free.—Border Woods, 160, New Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

USEFUL Christmas Gifts.—Damask Linen and Twill Tea Cloth and six serviettes to match, gold red or blue design. Bargain price 5/9, postage 6d. Send P.O or stamps.—Santa Klaus, 45 Rue Turenne, Paris. Order early.

DANCE Novelties, advt. balloons, hats, fans, masks, mascots, etc. List free.—Novelty Supply Stores (Dept. 10), 228, Mile End Rd., Lon., E.1.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE, 30/-, 85 pieces. Everything from Chris. Robe to napkins. A purchaser writes:—"Your Layettes are too cheap at 30/-, they are worth £3." Similar letters received daily. Post 2/- now for this incomparable bargain on approval. (Cash or instalments.)—Mrs. D. Munston, 97, Lake Rd., Portsmouth.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/; motors, 9/-; accessories. Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbuilt, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., from 5/- deposit, 2/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmers, 135, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

WILLS'S

CAPSTAN

NAVY CUT

CIGARETTES

TRADE MARK

MILD, MEDIUM & FULL STRENGTHS

10 for 6d.

20 for 11½d.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

C.C. 164

SHIRT & Collar 2/6. Chemise embroidered, 1/1. Send 2½d. for bargain catalogue.—Santa Klaus, 45, Rue Turenne, Paris.

BLANFORD'S unique offer of boys' fine Cheviot Overcoats appears on page 21.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middleman's profit. Indian and Ceylon specially blended, 4 lb. 6/6, 12 lb. 18/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 4/-, 14 lb. 7/6. Poulter & Co., Duke Place, Bow, E.3.

TEA.—Direct from Growers to Household. At wholesale prices, 1/6, 1/8, 2/- per lb., carr. pd. on 6 lb. Special quotes for large quantities. Satisfaction guar'd.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, West Ham.

DRESS.

BABY'S SUPERIOR 27-piece Layette, 29/6. Best materials. Unequalled throughout. Nos. Quite Right, Baker, Garden, Bedding, Vests, Flannelette, Robes, Cardigan, Bootees, Pinafores, Bows, Caps, Barries, Towels, Napkins, Pyjamas, Boots, Mother, 14 years' experience, send 2/- for pcl.; approval. Cash or terms.—Mrs. J. Morland, 99, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

GRAMOPHONES.—Build own £40 model for 40/-. Instructions 2d. Lists of Gramophone and Parts free.—J. H. G., 306, York Road, London, S.W.18.

EDUCATIONAL INSTRUCTION.

SWEDISH MASSAGE.—Get a certificate as a trained masseur. We offer you free extracts and novel methods by which we can train you by post. Low fees by instalments. Write at once.—Principal, 49, Swan Institute, Clarendon Road, Portsmouth.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots, with Cages from 20/-. Sporting Guarantee. 14/- 3 months' trial.—Hall B. Chapman, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1929 Catalogue and Gardening Guide, 160 pages, 240 Illustrations, free to all Readers of this paper if mentioned.—DOBBIE & CO., LTD., The King's Seedsmen, EDINBURGH.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Aztec Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

MEDICAL RESEARCH DISCOVERY cures Bladder Weakness and Kidney Troubles. Ask for PARKER'S FLUID REMEDY. 3/- at Boots', Taylor's, etc., or from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 49, Renshaw Street, Liverpool. Sample 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

THE BROOKS appliance offer on page 14 will interest those readers who are ruptured.

A FREE MEDICAL BOOKLET, "Advice for All," if you mention *John Bull*, is offered by the proprietors of Holloway's Pills, whose advt. appears on page 20.

A FREE BOOKLET is offered in the Burgess Lion Ointment advt. on page 28. It is very interesting and well worth having. Be sure to mention *John Bull* when writing for it.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Sets, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash by return.—Bentley & Co., 353, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, Platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

GOOD used Tyres from £1 ea., C.O.D., approv. New Tyres for wkly. payments. Inquiries, stating size, London Car Co., 82, Tacobald's Rd., W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

64-Page Book about Herbs & how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—TRIMNELL, The Herbalist, 144, Richmond Road, Cardiff. Est. 1879.

WIRELESS ENTHUSIASTS will be particularly interested in the latest free H.T. & L.T. Accumulator catalogue issued by Messrs. C. A. Vandervell & Co., Ltd., of Acton, London, W.3 (Dept. Q3), the proprietors of C.A.V. Accumulators and Batteries. Send for this to-day or post the coupon in the advt. which appears on page 16.

A PRESENTATION PACK of "Regal" Playing Cards in exchange for 5 empty packets of 10 or 6 packets of 5 "Regal" Blades. Send name with your name and address to Thos. Turner & Co. (Sheffield), Ltd., Dept. S., Sheffield, the proprietors, whose advt. appears on page 23 in this issue.

A FREE EVERSHARP PENCIL is offered in the "Navy Club" Advt. appearing on page 31. Read the conditions that will qualify readers for this gift, and then send the coupon that appears in the advt. Be sure to mention *John Bull* when replying.

GIVE YOUR BARBER THE SACK!—Why not trim your own hair? The new comb for ladies and gents advertised by J. B. Cole on page 28 will save you pounds and make you independent of hairdressers. Every purchaser, too, receives a useful free gift. Read the offer now!

Build a Business by Mail

and let John Bull's Mail Order Expert help you to make it a success. Problems relating to every phase of mail order selling are answered without obligation. There is no charge; no question is too much trouble. Send brief summary of your proposition or state class of trade and lines available to Ideas & Sales Development Dept. (Room B.), John Bull, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

For the asking—

You cannot resist the appeal of your dog—he gets a biscuit for the asking. Will your boy be able to resist your appeal for stockings, when he knows that by smoking and enjoying Black Cat Cigarettes you can obtain free for 125 coupons a pair of

"Three Queens" NON-LADDER STOCKINGS

You can choose your own shade and size from the wonderful selection of these beautiful and perfect LATEST POINT HEEL stockings, and your boy will know that you as well as he are enjoying the full benefit of the best value cigarette in the world.

Black Cat VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 FOR 6D.

free for 125 Coupons

CUT THIS OUT

(Dept. 8) Gifts Dept.
CARRERAS LTD.,
Arcadia Works, Hampstead Rd., London, N.W.1

Please send me Free Booklet and Five Free Coupons.

Name .....

Address .....

Only one of these signed coupons accepted

Sizes: 8½, 9, 9½, 10

Made in the following shades: Flesh, Mirage, Peach, Du Barry, Indian Rose, Carmen, Plume, Paris Nude, Dust, Desert, Caramel, Nude, Paris Fawn, Arab, Sunian, Tawny, Omar, Sable, Pigeon Breast, Florence Mills, Vanity, Musquash, Grey, Rosita, Blue Fox, Clovis, Shadow, Shoe Grey, Rifle, Blue Gunmetal, Light Gunmetal. Also Black and White.

State shade and size preferred.

For your XMAS PARTIES and GIFTS get BLACK CAT Cigarettes in decorated metal boxes of 100's—5/-; and 50's—2/6.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
Telephone: Gerrard 9870.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Week ending Saturday, Dec. 29, 1928. Twopence.
Vol. XLIV. No. 1176.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage all over the world, 1d.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Greetings

A Happy New Year to all our readers! May the coming twelve months bring all varieties of happiness to all varieties of people, each according to his hopes and none according to his deserts! May honest men be saved from the dishonest and may these latter be saved from themselves!

Gentlemen, the King!

And, the most sincere of all New Year wishes at the moment is "God Save the King!" There may be times when even the most loyal of us is, in the stress of business and private worries, guilty of a shade of perfunctoriness in the manner in which we pray for our Sovereign. There is none of that these dark days of anxiety. Every man Jack of us, if he be British, says with heartfelt loyalty and sincerity, "God Save the King!"

Weight of Women.

The Conservative women of South Kensington are making history of their refusal to countenance Sir W. Davison as a Parliamentary candidate because he has been through the Divorce Court. We take no sides, but this is the first time women as a sex have made a decisive political gesture. It is an omen for the future.

Won't Go Round.

All three Party headquarters have completed elaborate General Election forecasts. The number of seats each one really believes it can obtain are: Conservatives, 350 to 400; Labour, 300; and Liberal, 100. As there are only 615 seats in the House of Commons, someone is going to be sadly disappointed.

Lloyd George Mystery.

Before the House adjourned Mr. Lloyd George had made a habit of vacating his famous corner seat near the gangway and sitting among the rank and file. Perhaps, following the Runciman revolt against him, he is hoping by such methods to make the Liberal Party feel what the loss of leadership would mean, and is waiting for the chorus, "Will ye no' come back again?"

Those Election Stunts.

What particular "stunts" will Mr. Lloyd George adopt during the General Election as the result of the report he has received from his publicity agent, who went specially to the United States to investigate American electioneering methods during the recent presidential struggle? His assistant came back full of bright ideas.

Real and False.

The employment of ultra-violet rays by the King's doctors has given a valuable advertisement to this excellent new treatment. But be warned against the host of quacks who run bogus artificial sunlight homes. They will try to make capital out of the occasion.

Honour.

The New Year's Honours List, the publication of which has been postponed owing to His Majesty's illness, will be the briefest and scantiest list for many years. All over the country men who have angled and flattered in hopes of a knighthood or an Order are muttering of "broken promises" and "ingratitude." Well done, Mr. Baldwin!

The Pope.

Mussolini's decision to recognise the Papacy as a sovereign State will have far-reaching consequences. It will enormously enhance the Pope's direct influence on the Continent, and enable him to be represented at international conferences. He may now become a member of the League of Nations.

Starving Shepherds.

Nonconformist ministers in distressed mining areas are in as hopeless a plight as their starving congregations. Their stipends are mainly raised by voluntary contributions, and for many months hundreds of these devoted men have not received a single penny. Their more fortunate fellow-Christians must help them speedily.

Crushing Crash.

The Stock Exchange is rubbing its hands over a busy year and counting up its profits. But the long-sighted members are fearful for the future. They predict a huge and sudden slump in speculative industrial securities, in which millions will be lost. The trouble is that it's the small man who is smashed by such panics.

* * *

TABLOID TONICS

C. E. Montague: *Art is only work utterly unspoilt; drudgery is only art utterly gone wrong.*

Bishop of Middleton: *Education for all to the age of eighteen is desirable.*

Mr. Spurley Hey: *Education for all to the age of fifteen is immediately practicable.*

E. W. Sawdon: *Now we have to think of a Christian community that is world-wide.*

Margaret Bondfield: *Any system of society that divides children into rich and poor, educated and ignorant, instead of recognising the divinity of childhood, is wrong.*

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald: *Peace is bound up with open, honest and honourable diplomacy.*

Gwladys M. Tuckett: *Private schools create the victims they are supposed to rescue.*

"Bob" Smillie: *Lack of unity can prevent success.*

* * *

445 more Cheques paid to Regular Readers under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift.—See page 2.

Next Viceroy.

If the hopes of the British Government are realised in Sir John Simon's present work in India, we shall see him the next Viceroy of India. But in the meantime Sir John has much work to do. We wish him luck!

Home, Tommy.

A considerable force of British troops is still patiently sitting at Shanghai, doing nothing except cost the taxpayer a great deal of money. Bring them home at once, as well as their comrades on the Rhine!

Churchill for "Chunnel."

We learn that Winston Churchill has been converted to the idea of a Channel tunnel. This does not mean that he approves any of the schemes now in the air. He is waiting for better plans. His support, however, will go far to turn this dream of years into a concrete—or steel—reality.

Schneider Jealousies.

France is straining every sinew to put in a Schneider Cup team for the seaplane race which will be held in Southampton Water next summer. The reason is not so much a desire to lift the cup from Britain as to beat the Italians. The militarists of both France and Italy are anxious to maintain their *prestige* among their own countrymen.

Present from U.S.

Sir John Cadman, chairman of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, has come back from America with an international price agreement in his pocket, embracing all concerns except the Russian and two American companies which sell Russian oil. Your petrol may cost you more.

Genuine and Fake.

We extend our hearty sympathy to King Amanullah. But it wasn't what he learned in Europe that has "caused it." It was that trip out to Angora to see Kemal, the Turkish dictator, and his work. But Amanullah is no Kemal. Kemal is a great man, and the saviour of his country. Amanullah is merely an ordinary king.

One for the "Dips."

Kemal is something of an enigma to the Chancelleries of Europe. He shifted the seat of government to Angora, in the desert, and made the Ambassadors who still cling to Constantinople travel for days to reach him. When they arrived they found themselves in an exceedingly inhospitable town, with no modern hotels and other luxuries so essential to the proper execution of diplomacy.

Iron and Irony.

The Italian Ambassador spent two weeks of primitive life in Angora waiting to see Kemal. In the end, His Excellency decided he couldn't wait any longer and went back to Constantinople, and civilisation. Kemal has a very ironic sense of humour.

JOHN BULL
WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

A Mayor and His Money.

During the past few weeks the Salvation Army has been providing thousands of boys and girls with dinners at their soup kitchens in Middlesbrough. Oh, and by the way, the Mayor of Middlesbrough has had a £200 rise in salary! He had a decent Christmas dinner, at any rate.

Tinned Wisdom.

There is talk of the Ministry of Health and the British Medical Association having an enquiry as to whether fresh food is better for the health than preserved food. If there is any doubt on the point there is at least none as regards fresh food grown in this country being better for our economic health.

Justice for All!

More pathetic stories come to us of how house-owners are being almost ruined by the 1925 Housing Act. A man of nearly seventy is being paid £1,600 compensation by the London County Council for seventeen freehold houses which independent surveyors have valued at £3,250. This case is not so glaring as many, but it is bad enough.

A Mystery.

The reprieve of San Dwe, the Burmese elephant-keeper at the Zoological Gardens, savours somewhat of an act of diplomacy. We are always glad to see a man escape the gallows, but we do not lose sight of the possibility of trouble in Burma which might arise through agitators distorting the facts which led to San Dwe's trial.

Our Homes.

The Lord's Day Observance Society is, according to an appeal sent out, seriously perturbed over the menace of the "Continental Sunday being established in our midst." This will mean that "Home life will largely disappear." It has largely disappeared already in the slums and the distressed areas, but the society has been too busy to notice it.

Ragged Patriots.

The Irish Loyalists, these inconvenient folk, are again pressing the Government to give them a square deal. More than a thousand claims for the compensation which Mr. Baldwin has promised so lavishly remain to be heard. These unfortunate people have many friends in both Houses of Parliament, who are raising a powerful clamour on their behalf. But will Churchill part with any more money?

Another German Victory.

Lord Bledisloe says wheat is no longer our basic food product and never will be again. We can tell him two reasons why. This year Canada has produced a new variety known as "Marquis" wheat, which is superior to the best that we can grow. Germany, on the other hand, has just put a bounty of 9s. a quarter on exported wheat, so that Fatherland farmers are able to undercut us in comfort.

Killjoy Beaks.

The Keighley (West Riding) justices refused to countenance the customary hour's extension for licensed premises on Christmas Eve, and the taverns in their area shut at 10 p.m., while all around 11 p.m. was the closing hour. Moral: If you are a magistrate you can afford to buy it by the bottle and drink at home. But if you are poor you can't enjoy any seasonable junketings.

Limit in Insults.

In the last report of the Hackney Guardians General Purposes Committee we notice a recommendation that, in order to prevent pilfering, members of the staff and their apartments may be searched from time to time by "competent persons." Also the members of the staff must agree to this in writing. Who, by the way, are the "competent persons"? *Are the Guardians sure they can trust them?*

Side Splitting.

The *Passing Show* isn't the only humorous paper. There's the *Times*. It publishes a letter stating that the abandonment of insurance business by the Post Office is "another instance of the impossibility of the State to compete successfully in business with private enterprise." Just how funny this is will be realised by those who have followed our exposures of industrial assurance and who read the article by E. Roffe Thompson on page 18 of this issue.

Adathant Abady.

The new Mayor of Westminster, Major Vivian B. Rogers, D.S.O., is making a further distribution of money raised on behalf of the Thames flood victims. Several times we protested against his predecessor, Mr. Abady, diverting the balance of the fund towards purposes other than the relief of the distress for which the money was subscribed. We congratulate Major Rogers. Someone else can congratulate Mr. Abady.

What, Again?

Two months ago we published an article on "Pensions for All at Sixty." Now the author, Mr. Frank Bailey, secretary of the National Association for Pensions at Sixty, reports that the movement is making rapid headway. "It can truthfully be said," writes Mr. Bailey, "that your journal has been instrumental in swaying all political Parties on the subject." It isn't the first time that has happened!

Pot and Kettle.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is not worthy of himself in suggesting that the funds of the other Parties will be used at the election without too many scruples about the Corrupt Practices Act. His suggestion is no doubt true, but it can also be applied to Labour agents. The question of the origin of Party funds is a scandal, but will Labour set an example by publishing details of its own fund? Not on your life!

Experience?

A man from Scotland points out the different manner in which "plain drunks" are treated in the North and the South. In Glasgow a "plain drunk" can be bailed out. If he does not appear next morning his bail is forfeited and the incident is closed. In London, if he doesn't turn up at court, a warrant is issued for his arrest and the newspapers hear all about it. Our friend suggests a uniformity of procedure on the principle that a drunk's a drunk for a' that!

Dusted to Death.

A Llanbradach Colliery blast-blower writes to tell us how he earns his princely weekly wage of £2 8s. 5d. Deafened and nerve-wracked by the vibration, his lungs and body filled with dust, he just carries on with the bitter reflection that there is no compensation for him when he is a beaten man. Dust weighing two pounds comes from twenty inches bored in rock. No wonder officials cover their faces when they pass the borers at work.

He Fancies Himself.

Colonials who write home to local mayors with matrimonial intent can be entertaining. Consider the Alberta salesman who has approached the Lord Mayor of Manchester offering to marry a girl if she is "of a saving disposition, is not bad to look at, has business ability, and is one hundred per cent. woman, helpmate and home-builder." The only quality she needn't have is conceit. He has all that is wanted in that direction.

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BETTER THAN YULE LOGS!

Bring home a New Year Hamper or a New Year Cake in this week's big "Bullets" contest. £600 and 350 seasonable prizes offered on page 35.

Doggie's Day.

January 1 is dog licence day. Hundreds of poor men's pets and companions will be destroyed unless the money can be found to renew their licences. If you know of a dog with this sentence of death hanging over his head, reprieve him.

Distinctly Odd.

Mills Hotel, Gower Street, London, was not, we should imagine, besieged by a huge crowd of unemployed when it advertised for an odd man, who was not to be more than twenty-five years of age. The wages offered were the princely sum of ten shillings a week. The principles of the hotel would appear to be as odd as any odd man they might obtain for the money.

Well Deserved.

Edward Wilson Donallon, the rogue behind Graham Marsh and Co., the notorious share swindlers whom we have frequently exposed, has gone down for fifteen months. He deserves every month of it. His counsel made a point of his domestic sorrows, but, like the judge, we reserve our greater sympathy for the victims ruined by Donallon.

Flog the Brutes.

Two years' hard labour was a lenient sentence to pass on Gilbert Weston, a Worthing cowman, who was convicted for an offence against a twelve-year-old girl, but to let the father of the girl, who was responsible for the whole degrading business, escape with a year's sentence was deplorable. Such a beast in human form should have been flogged and put "inside" for five times that period.

Hardly British.

Czecho-Slovakia has decided to legalise the painless death by consent of incurables and also operations on expectant mothers whose health is endangered or who would be unable adequately to support a child. Thank heaven that in this country we still regard these "reforms" as crimes pure and simple!

"Blue Frighteners" for Landladies.

For some time past agents of the Seander Publishing Company, of Hyde, Cheshire, have been endeavouring to interest provincial landladies in a publication known as the "Artistes' Guide." Many landladies have complained that they were subsequently staggered to receive an account for £1 1s., and some have even received "blue frighteners" from a commercial association. The Seander Publishing Company should call its agents to strict account.

Gould for the Gullible.

Thomas Gould, of "The Nook," Heathfield Road, Cardiff, reads horoscopes at 1s. a time, "by ye methods of ye ancient Egyptians and wise men of the East." One client who was foolish enough to send the money was informed that there was "some danger of injury from animals, inflammatory fevers and sore eyes." The effect of such rubbishy predictions upon people of nervous temperament cannot be too strongly emphasised. Men like Gould are a menace to the gullible.

A "Bullets" Bluffer.

Thousands of our readers who delight weekly in our world-famous "Bullets" competitions will be interested and amused to hear of the existence of a certain Mr. John Stirling, of 81, North Side, Clapham Common, S.W. This artful gentleman wrote to a reader in Wales sending him a line for a recent competition, and asking half-a-crown for it. Said he in his letter: "I have every reason for believing that this particular line will win the £1,500. By my own secret process I have selected you for this line of genius." We have repeatedly warned readers against this type of bluffer. Mr. Stirling and his "secret process" require no further comment from us.

The MAN with the COTTON BACKBONE

by VISCOUNT KNEBWORTH

AN American is said to have declared that though he did not know whether the world was progressing towards heaven or towards hell, he had no doubt that, whichever it was, America would get there first.

Without wishing to prejudice Anglo-American relations, it is only fair to say that a survey of social conditions in Britain do not tend to the belief that the progress is heavenward.

There are housing conditions in Britain's big industrial towns which would seem to challenge America's claim that even if we are all moving towards hell, she will get there first. There is a standard of living in the North Country which amounts to little more than mere existence.

Above all, there are throughout the towns and slum areas all over this country physical conditions which are retarding at every step the advance of humanity. Britain is developing slowly, but surely, into a nation of undersized and underfed men and women; her people are growing daily poorer in health, mind and body.

For cheerful faces there may be seen an ever-increasing number of unhappy ones; of the straight back, the strong arm and the well-developed chest, the place is being rapidly taken by badly proportioned specimens of humanity.

Now, it is the custom to-day to attribute every malady from which Britain suffers to the direct cause of the war. But this is both a dangerous custom and a custom unfounded on fact. The war was but the storm which precipitated this crisis. If the ship was well formed no storm could destroy it; if it was rotten, it would break up with the first little breeze that blew.

Crazy rush

The facts are these: England was already in difficulties before ever the war began. About a hundred years ago the mad race for wealth began. Throughout the last century the dominating force to which all men's eyes were turned was power. Power was created of coal and steam, and in its turn it created machinery and the great complex industrial world of to-day.

In the crazy rush of industrial expansion old men and young men, women and girls, rich and poor, swept from the country into the towns. Homes were quickly put together (built would be too noble a word!) and factories run up whose conditions, in the early years, baffle description.

The worker was treated by his employer as a mere item in the cost of production, and humanity became one with balance-sheets and machinery. The whole face of England was swept by the great wave of mechanical and industrial progress, and when the wave had subsided, the whole face of England was changed.

Where there had been fresh air there was now smoke; where there had been happiness and content, there were now poverty and distress and misery. In the grip of that great wave some got rich and prospered, but to many it meant little more than destruction and desolation.

The organisations of labour did much during the latter half of the century for the working man, and it is to the undying credit of the trade unions that they salvaged his self-respect and his reason from the ghastly wreckage of humanity.

But not the trade unions nor any other organisation which has since reared its head has been able to assist in solving the real problem from which England is suffering.

The problem is this: Whatever kind of man and woman is bred in the fresh air and outdoor life of the country, there is no doubt that the men and women who are born and bred and grow up in the industrial towns are, and must be from the nature of things, physically unfit.

It is said that this was clearly shown in the war. At first the British troops were trained regular soldiers, and trained not only in discipline, but in the exercise of their limbs and of their bodies. They were not only fine soldiers, but fine men as well. They were followed by the volunteer armies, not so perfect indeed, but with a fair smattering of training and a fair complement of strong, healthy manhood.

Fine figures!

Lastly came the conscripts, men who, through no fault of their own, were physically incapable of bearing the burdens of war. Undersized, poorly developed, feeble, toothless creatures they were, many of them, carried on by no strength of limb, but by a spirit which rose indomitable above the frail flesh which it controlled.

Some regiments broke. It was nothing short of a miracle that there were so many which, in the grip of cruel physical circumstances, yet stood firm.

There were thousands of such conscripts, and to-day, ten years after the Armistice, men like these are increasing in numbers. To-day the average height of a man in England is 5 ft. 7¼ in.; his average weight 11 st. 1 lb. These are fine figures for a nation of sportsmen and fighting men.

The question, moreover, is not one of whether the townsman loves the town, of whether the diet upon which he subsists is palatable to him, of whether his recreations and his pleasures are recreations and pleasures which he would not have otherwise.

The question is what attitude can the whole country take towards a system which is slowly transforming its people from a nation of A1 men into one of C3 men.

As the cause of all evil is so frequently claimed to be the war, so the remedy of all evil is generally claimed to be sport. But what is meant by sport? A nation is not saved from physical decay by watching football matches on a Saturday afternoon.

Those in Britain who are the keenest patrons of sport sometimes lament that Britain's supremacy is leaving her. Each year some new record drifts across the Atlantic; each year almost another British heavyweight takes the count. The cry is that we must regain that supremacy, win back those records, take our sport more seriously.

Poor specialists

But, once again, what are the facts? Britain invented sport and gave it to the world. The world, generally speaking, is more logical than Britain, and having once taken up sport it determined to perfect it. This it did by specialised concentration.

In athletics the 100 yards sprinter is often not allowed to run 120 yards, the weight putter may not throw the hammer. To do either of these would put the sprinter's and the weight putter's muscles wrong for his own peculiar function.

This system results in records being broken, and it is by this system that the world in general, and America in particular, is taking records away from Great Britain.

But it is not by this system that the British nation is to fight the physical decay which has resulted from life in the smoky filth of the great

Viscount Knebworth, popularly known as the "Boxing Peer," is the eldest son of the Earl of Lytton, and one of the most promising young men in politics today. His views are fearless and outspoken, and he is a vigorous advocate of progressive legislation. He is fighting Shoreditch in the General Election

industrial towns. The specialist may be a fine athlete, but he is a poor man.

To be able to run 100 yards and no more is of as much national worth as to be able to speak only one word and no more. It is not athletes that Britain wants, but men. It is not athleticism which is to save the national physique but sportsmanship.

Benefiting the nation

The difference is this: A man who can play one or two games, even moderately, is certain to be a fairly well-developed and physically useful citizen. While he plays these games he may not command an audience, but he is indirectly, by improving his own physique, benefiting the public.

The specialist may command a vast audience and by that very fact alone contribute little or nothing to the national physique.

Professional football-matches there must no doubt be, but the physical development of the nation is not helped thereby, nor the battle against the evils of town and industrial life the more easily fought by men and women whose only recreation is to watch.

Unless it is possible to give opportunity for outdoor and indoor exercise to the millions of industrial workers in Britain, the situation must get no better but worse. The will and the desire to play games and to take exercise are, moreover, as necessary as the opportunity to do so.

By this development of national sport on a broad basis can the physical handicaps of the town life be overcome, but not otherwise.

The work is in hand. The National Playing Fields Association has added over 2,000 acres to the public playing-fields of England. It has collected in one year more than £300,000. But of the total work to be done that is but an insignificant part.

Sport and the true sport—not merely studied specialisation—must reach actively into the lives of men and women all over the country. For sport and its consequent health of mind and body breeds a noble, contented race of men.

Disease of body breeds disease of mind, disease of mind breeds unhappiness, and unhappiness discontent. Discontent is a dangerous thing in a nation as well as a despicable one.

A LIFE SENTENCE AT SEVEN!

They'll Call You Mad Next!

Mr. R. Montgomery Parker, Chairman of the National Society for Lunacy Reform

IF ever there was a case which proved beyond all doubt the tragic one-sidedness of the Mental Deficiency Act, it is before us at this very moment.

And there is a tear in every line of it, shed by a poor, broken-hearted girl named Bertha Taylor, who cries aloud for freedom in a cruel world that has been only a prison to her from the earliest years of childhood.

Although she is as normal and sane as the sanest asylum attendant, she is steadfastly held by the authorities to be mad!

Although a number of kind and influential friends, knowing the amazing circumstances of her endless incarceration in mental institutions, have rallied to her side and moved heaven and earth to bring her justice, she remains the property of the State, branded as a lunatic.

Bertha is a pretty girl of nineteen. Will it be believed, in these so-called enlightened days, that she has been incarcerated in one institution or another *since she was seven?*

A sentence of penal servitude, passed upon a child so young, could not have been more dreadful.

Whether she was backward at the age of seven, and required some special institutional care, we cannot say. But we can say, and most solemnly do, that she requires no such treatment now, and ought to have been released from her chains of bondage long ago.

Haunting dread

The more recent years of detention have been spent in an institution called Eagle House, London Road, Mitcham, Surrey. Some months ago the authorities there selected her as being of a type suitable for domestic work, and placed her in residential service with a generous-hearted lady living at Caterham.

The latter was responsible for her welfare, and had to pay wages direct to the institution, minus a small sum deducted for Bertha's pocket-money.

Institutional officers paid constant visits to the house, and had the right to order the return of the girl to Eagle House at any time.

The Caterham mistress, from the start, observed nothing at all unusual in Bertha's demeanour, and was puzzled as to how it came about that she was in a mental home at all.

She bustled about her household duties, spoke rationally, and was exceptionally clean and smart in her appearance and habits.

The free and happy atmosphere of her temporary home, in such deep contrast to the daily monotony at Eagle House, made her dread the thought that she was likely to be recalled at any time.

Therefore, when the Caterham lady told her that she had decided to raise the question of her release, and endeavour to solve the problem of her being certified at all, the girl was naturally overjoyed.

Amazing report

An interview was obtained with a famous mental specialist, and his report is before us as we write.

It is an amazing document, damning in its terms, and severe in its criticism of an intolerable system which keeps sane people herded together with others who are unhappily deranged.

The report is too long to quote fully, but here are some extracts:

"I have failed to discover any abnormality in her mental condition. . . . *I found her quite normal* and presenting no evidence of any such deficiency as would justify her being regarded as a person to be *detained in any form of institution.*"

Meanwhile, the Caterham lady had written to the Derby Board of Guardians, in whose district the original certification of Bertha had taken place, to apply for her release.

She stated that she was willing to take the girl into her family as her own, either by adoption or guardianship, or, indeed, under any reasonable terms imposed by the authorities.

Her chief aim, as was clearly shown, was to get the girl away from the shackles that had bound her so tightly for so many years.

A reply was received from Dr. W. M. Ash, M.B., F.R.C.S., the County Medical Officer of Derby.

He pointed out that legal guardianship entailed a considerable amount of visitation and the keeping of a great number of records, and asked for fuller details of the proposal.

These were gladly supplied, and a little later Dr. Ash wrote again to say that he had communicated with the Board of Control—that body which alone has the right to release or retain such hapless souls as Bertha Taylor, and which has been severely criticised in these columns time after time—for a decision.

Relentless Board

Months passed, and although the girl was recalled on one occasion, the authorities at Eagle House reconsidered the position and permitted Bertha to stay in the employ of the Caterham lady for a further period.

Eventually the Board of Control, which had so far ignored the appeal from Derby, was induced to give its decision. It did so in a few cold words.

All the Board had to say was that it was not able "to consent to the discharge of the order of detention under the Mental Deficiency Acts in respect of Taylor, or to interfere with the arrangements whereby she is on leave of absence from the Eagle House Certified Institution."

This decision was given in a letter dated October 20 last. Events happened swiftly after that.

Adamant officialdom

Within a few weeks the girl was recalled, for the authorities at Eagle House wrote to the Caterham lady on November 7 and ordered her to be returned to the institution at the end of that month.

Still, in spite of adamant officialdom, the mistress struggled on, feeling in her heart that a grave wrong was being committed.

In order to be in a position to show that the girl was still quite sane, another visit was paid to the mental specialist whose report we have mentioned, and who once again examined her. His second report is even more damning than the first. Here it is:

"I am more than ever convinced that Miss Taylor is perfectly normal from a mental standpoint, and there is no reason whatever why she should be detained in any home for defective mental cases, her condition being such that she is fully capable of looking after herself and of continuing to be engaged in domestic service.

"Had there been the slightest doubt in my mind as to whether or not Miss Taylor is perfectly normal from a mental standpoint, this would certainly have been dispelled by reading the life history of herself which she has prepared, and which was so clearly and well expressed that it confirms the opinion I have formed."

All further efforts to get the girl released from her bondage having failed, the day grew near when she was to re-enter the portals of Eagle House Certified Institution. Daily she was in tears, praying for freedom.

Standing disgrace

Can it be wondered at that she refused to go back to her misery? At the eleventh hour she absconded, and where she is to-day is a mystery.

As the regulations of the Board of Control have been ruthlessly broken, the matter has now been placed in the hands of the police, who are endeavouring to unearth her, in order that she can be flung back, like a sack of worthless garbage, on the dust-heap of broken lives.

If she were certifiable under the Lunacy Act and managed to evade the authorities for fourteen days, she could not be taken back without being recertified.

No such law prevails under the Mental Deficiency Act, however, and "mental defectives" of her type are mental defectives for ever, unless the Board of Control feels inclined to grant them a free pardon!

Bertha Taylor's case is a standing disgrace to the Board of Control!

HOPELESS GOOD HOPE

A Cunning Ointment Trap

AFTER a temporary lull, the Good Hope Manufacturing Company, of Montreal, seems to be pursuing a renewed campaign in this country.

As usual it opens by inviting people to enter a simple competition and win a cash prize without spending any money.

The company has a stock letter which it sends out by the hundred to entrants to congratulate them upon their efforts.

"Dear Friend," it runs, "Your solution of our puzzle has been received, and, after being examined, has been found to be absolutely correct."

It then goes on to assure him that he should merit a good place in the contest, which is to be finally decided by two judges "whose integrity and businesslike dealings are undoubted. These gentlemen have no connection with our business."

Unconscious humour

There is a note of unconscious humour in this latter statement, for from what follows it should be apparent to anyone that no gentlemen of "businesslike dealings" would be connected with such a transparent proposition.

For, having got so far, competitors learn that in order to "qualify" in the competition it will now be necessary for them to sell eight boxes of "herb ointment" at 1s. 6d. a box.

When these have been sold, and when 12s. has been remitted to the company, the contestant's name will be handed to the final judges. In the event of a tie, handwriting and neatness will be considered factors.

What is not told

Entrants are not told, however, what will happen if they fail to sell the eight boxes of herb ointment, but cases have come to our notice in the past where innocent competitors have been dunned with "legal frighteners" and threats.

We venture to state that the company's advertisement, which states that one may be a prize-winner without spending a cent, is a cunning quibble.

If, in publishing its competition, it were to state "Eight of your friends must pay 1s. 6d.," there would doubtless be a falling off in its mail!

BOGUS DRAMATIC CRITIC EXPOSED!

A Jerry-Built Journalist

THE swindling operations of a man who describes himself as a captain, and who passes as a dramatic critic employed by a famous Sunday newspaper, should engage the attention of the police at once.

The full title of this rogue, as displayed on visiting-cards he freely distributes, is "Captain H. C. M. J. Stuart, Dramatic Critic and Correspondent to Associated Newspapers, United Newspapers, Allied Press and Press Association."

He is nothing of the kind. His supposed position in the journalistic world is entirely mythical, as many people have found to their sorrow.

Stuart called the other day, for instance, at a railway bookstall, and, making a small purchase, asked the manager if he would mind doing him a little favour.

Missed the cashier!

Producing one of his visiting-cards, he stated that he was engaged at that time in "reporting" the talking pictures at the Rialto Theatre, and, owing to the length of the programme, had missed the cashier at the newspaper office.

There was proof in abundance to bear out his story, and he voluntarily produced from an attaché-case several sheets of notepaper bearing the name of the Sunday newspaper.

The captain wanted only a small loan till the next day, and, if the bookstall manager was still in doubt as to his integrity, he was willing to leave behind his overcoat—quite a good one it looked—as security.

Believing that he was helping a trade colleague, the bookstall manager handed over the sum of money asked for, and the captain departed, promising to refund the amount without fail on the following day.

He did not do so, and, as he did not again honour the bookstall with his presence, the manager some days later dropped him a line to the newspaper office he had named to jog his memory.

Anxious mother

That letter Captain Stuart has never received, for the simple reason that he is not employed on its staff at all, and has no connection whatever with the paper.

Other letters have arrived there for the engaging captain, and several complaints have lately been made about his swindling operations.

The only time he repays a loan, apparently, is when his offer to leave his overcoat as security is accepted. This happens only rarely, of course; but the captain takes care to redeem the coat at the appointed time.

One of the recent enquiries about the generous captain was of a somewhat different character, and revealed him, not as a swindler of newsagents and small traders, but as an amorous and dangerous impostor as well.

It came from an anxious mother living in a little village nearly 230 miles from London, who wrote in tender, but cautious, terms, seeking news of the welfare of a daughter who had left her village home for the more bustling life of London.

"Dear Captain Stuart," it ran. "My little daughter, Vi., has told me how you became acquainted with each other a little while ago, and that you do both sincerely now care for each other, and that she is going to be married to you."

The letter went on to say that the daughter had told her mother that, immediately after the wedding, both of them would be going straight down to the village home to spend the honeymoon together.

"As you would guess," it continued, "our dear daughter's happiness is all we wish, and, judging by the way she has written of you, I feel certain that her love and trust in you has not been unwisely placed. She seems so perfectly happy and she is so dear to me. . . ."

The real anxiety of the mother's mind is revealed in the next few words: "I am sure you will be good and kind to her—naturally I do get worried about her being so far from us all. . . ."

Reading between the lines it is easy to understand this poor mother's anxiety, separated from her child by hundreds of miles, and trying to picture what kind of man her future son-in-law really was.

Obliging friend

We have made some enquiries about him ourselves. Apart from his effrontery in posing as a journalist and dramatic critic, and in addition to his "overcoat" swindle, he has been lying callously to this woman's "little daughter Vi."

He is a married man already and, until recently, resided with his wife and child at a boarding-house in Clapham.

Mr. H. M. Richardson, ... Secretary of the National Union of Journalists, whose attention we drew to this matter.

When, at the end of the first week, the proprietor asked for the bill to be settled, the money was paid, not by Stuart direct, but by a friend.

He left immediately after this, with his wife and child, and latterly enquiries have been made at the address by a police officer anxious to learn something of his present whereabouts.

Since his departure from Clapham, his addresses have been c/o General Post Office, Fleet Street, and St. Martin's Court, London, W.C. The latter is a small tobacconist's shop, where letters can be addressed upon payment of a small fee.

We sincerely hope that the publicity we have been able to direct to this impudent "journalist's" activities will be instrumental not only in preventing further victims from being robbed by him, but in assisting the police to trace him.

A DASTARDLY EVICTION

From the Cot to the Gutter

THERE has just been enacted at Sneinton, Nottingham, a scene of tyranny of a kind that savours almost of Red Russia, and it certainly cannot be allowed to pass without severe comment.

Julia Sheehan

A family which includes several young children has been evicted from its home in the harshest circumstances, and though the bailiff responsible was certainly armed with an official eviction order, there can be no possible justification of the manner in which he carried out his duties.

The father of the family, Mr. James Sheehan, is fifty-one and a veteran of two wars.

He has a pension of 8s. a week, which he has sought to augment by working as a labourer; but a month or two ago, after a long spell of unemployment, he fell into arrears with his rent.

An eviction order was made against him in September last, but was suspended on condition that weekly payments were made.

Then, to add to his difficulties, his home was scheduled for demolition and he was ordered to seek alternative accommodation.

Hopeless task

He made a genuine effort to find a new home, but with only casual employment and a wife and six children to provide for, his task was fraught with overwhelming difficulties.

The time limit was up on November 26, and on the 23rd Mr. Sheehan proceeded to Derby to make a last frantic effort to secure rooms.

It was a fruitless mission, and it was with feelings of indescribable despair that he returned to Sneinton on the morning of the fatal 26th.

He arrived home at 10.30 a.m., to find his wife and children standing in the street beside the dismal heap of their household goods, and the story they unfolded was heartbreaking.

Pathetic request

It appears that a bailiff and constable had arrived an hour before, and although the family had been under the impression that the eviction order would not be put into effect until noon, they had been compelled to turn out on the spot.

It was a bitterly cold morning, and the frantic mother begged for half an hour's grace to get the younger children, aged four and five respectively, out of bed and dressed.

Her request was ignored and the little ones had to turn out into the street without being fully dressed and without even being allowed to partake of any breakfast!

"It is a wonder that the little ones did not catch their death of cold," Mrs. Sheehan protests. "If it had not been for a kindly neighbour I don't know what would have happened."

In the stress and anxiety of her ordeal, and in giving her attention to her children, this unhappy mother was unable to keep an eye upon the family treasures, and several articles were stolen by members of the crowd which had gathered to witness this cruel eviction.

Enquiry called for

Neighbourly kindness has now provided this luckless family with a temporary roof over their heads, but we certainly feel that the circumstances merit official enquiry.

The owner of the property, we find, is Mr. A. R. Atkey, Lord Mayor of Nottingham, and though, of course, he cannot be held accountable for the tyrannous behaviour of the bailiff who actually evicted the Sheehans, he should make it his business to call that individual to account without delay.

BIG MOTOR COACH SWINDLE

The Rt. Hon. Chas. A. McCurdy, K.C., President Advertising Association, who should be interested in this exposure

PEOPLE who are accustomed to advertising in the Press for situations should be on their guard against an enterprising gentleman named Thomas Roberts, whose activities we have just subjected to investigation.

Mr. Roberts hails from Red Lion Street, Holborn, London, W.C., and describes himself as a motor factor.

A reader living in Norfolk recently advertised for a position as a salesman, and was delighted to receive a letter from Mr. Roberts asking for full particulars of his qualifications.

The Norfolk gentleman complied and wrote fully by return.

He then received a long communication from this motor factor of Red Lion Street, who explained that he was the principal director of a concern called the London Motor Coach Services.

As the company was firmly established in London, Mr. Roberts had conceived the idea of opening branches in different parts of the country.

Sign of good faith

The particular part of Norfolk where our reader resided happened to be one of the spots upon which Mr. Roberts had had his eye for some time, and he therefore felt certain that negotiations with him would be profitable to both.

If the other was willing to put up £150 as security, Mr. Roberts wrote, he would undertake to open a branch in Norfolk as soon as possible and place the investor in charge.

The position would be a remunerative one, with fine prospects for the right man. As a sign of good faith, however, the applicant must deposit his £150 forthwith, but it would be returnable in full in the event of Mr. Roberts finding him unsuitable.

The printed matter sent by Roberts to the Norfolk client was certainly impressive, and contained time-tables and speed-charts of the profitable services already running under his control in London and the suburbs.

The work-seeking advertiser in Norfolk was almost on the point of fulfilling the "sign of good faith" part of the bargain when he was wise enough to have a few enquiries made in London concerning this alluring proposition.

The results were amazing indeed.

In the first place, the "headquarters" of Mr. Roberts and his richly coloured "London Motor Coach Services" consisted of an address where letters were taken in for him by arrangement.

He had no office there at all, and merely looked in, now and then, to see if any correspondence awaited him!

All efforts to trace his coach services in London and the suburbs failed, for the simple reason that they did not exist.

The extent of his plausibility and impudence in trying to swindle this Norfolk "client" out of £150 may be gauged by the fact that the time-tables and speed-charts sent on to bear out that the scheme was genuine actually belonged to a perfectly reputable firm in Victoria Street, London, S.W., with whom Roberts had no connection at all!

Whitewashing publicity

This man Roberts is, we find, a person who some days ago received some whitewashing publicity over the alleged fact that he had been the victim of a "police blunder."

He was charged with being in the unlawful possession of certain letters, but Mr. Fry, the magistrate, who is generally so wise and humane in the dispensation of justice, dismissed the case.

In view of the revelations we have made above, he will now, we have no doubt, be sorry that he did so.

Suspicious circumstances

The letters in question were also addressed to the shop in Red Lion Street, and were from people with whom he had been communicating in similar circumstances to those in the Norfolk case.

This fact alone shows that his appeal for monetary deposits was being made on a systematic scale.

It appears that, obtaining some private information of Roberts' real object, the police kept observation on the Red Lion Street premises.

Seeing Roberts enter and leave the shop with the letters in his possession, a detective stopped him and requested him to go to the local police-station.

On the way to this destination, Roberts threw away the letters, which were unopened.

A Magistrate Badly Bluffed

He also gave the police information about himself which was absolutely false, particularly in regard to his permanent address, which he stated was 161, Acre Lane, Brixton, London, S.W. No such number exists.

In spite of all the suspicious circumstances associated with the case, Mr. Fry held that as the letters were addressed to him they were therefore his property and discharged him.

Yet, if he had taken the precaution of remanding Roberts for a week, in order that enquiries could have been made, the police would have been able to discover what we have ourselves discovered about this rogue's non-existent motor-coach business!

Living by his wits

In addition to the above facts, Roberts has for some time been living by his wits in obtaining goods by cheques which have afterwards been dishonoured.

Many complaints have been lodged against him in this respect, and we therefore urge the police to get busy at once and bring him to book.

A WALL which SHUTS OUT LIFE

Two Kinds of Rat Traps

A WEEK or two ago we received a moving communication from one of our readers drawing attention to certain lamentable housing conditions prevailing in Huddersfield.

A representative of JOHN BULL, who has since carried out a tour of inspection, reports that he has seldom encountered worse conditions.

The area in question is known as Kirkmore Place.

Each house is composed of two rooms, and though some have basements, these have long been flagged over and now serve only as a breeding-ground for rats and other vermin.

Let us take a peep into the "home" of one resident, a shell-shocked war victim, and five other members of his family.

The downstairs room measures only 12 ft. by 9 ft., and is so damp that plaster is falling away from the walls.

Unwelcome guests

In this apartment the family must live and wash and cook and eat, while certain members must be content to make it their bedroom also.

A fine home for a war victim! Is it surprising that his neurasthenia shows no sign of diminishing?

Near by, a family of five have a similar hovel which has the additional disadvantage of adjoining a ruined stable, where rats swarm in profusion.

Once, when a young child lay sleeping here, a rat ran across its throat, scratching it so badly that medical attention became necessary.

As a result of this dreadful experience this three-year-old mite has been left in a very nervous condition.

Dampness, decay and vermin are common trials in this group of houses, but they are by no means the sole ones that have to be coped with.

There are no facilities for washing clothes or for drying them, and, most scandalous of all, no lavatory accommodation exists within the houses!

Doctors' condemnation

There are communal lavatories near to the stable already mentioned, and these have been allocated on the ratio of one to every two houses!

Some idea of the appalling overcrowding may be gathered when we reveal that in one group of fifteen houses visited by our representative there are thirty-nine adults and forty-six children.

Doctors who know this area have condemned it in no uncertain terms, and though the luckless inhabitants have complained again and again, nothing seems to have been done.

Conditions already bad enough in all conscience have not been improved by the erection of a large building for beet-boiling behind one row of houses.

A solid brick wall abuts so closely upon the rear of these houses that all light and air are absolutely excluded. Although the glass and framework of each window have been left intact, they remain as a mockery.

Only one window in this whole row of houses has escaped this fate, and this was because there was illness in the house, and the doctor declared that the patient's recovery depended upon quietness.

The plight of the tenants in the other buildings, however, is pitiful in the extreme. The presence of this ominous wall means that their squalid homes are enshrouded in perpetual gloom.

Being deprived of necessary ventilation, food-stuffs turn bad in a few hours.

A defective spouting has diverted the flow of rain-water at one point on to the roof of an adjacent house, causing it to leak freely.

Four young children and their parents have to sleep in the damp and dark bedroom below.

Someone must hurry!

It is terrible to think that human creatures should have to live under such conditions, and preposterous to think that they should have to pay to do so! The rentals vary from 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. a week.

Under the Housing Act of 1925, a closing order can be made in respect of houses that are "not in all respects reasonably fit for human habitation."

We have shown that the houses in Kirkmore Place, Huddersfield, are certainly not fit for human habitation, and if the local authorities do not feel disposed to move in the matter perhaps the Minister of Health will hurry them on, and see to it that not only are these death-traps abolished, but that suitable accommodation is provided for the unfortunate inhabitants

HUGE PETROLEUM CO. *Disclosures*

Directors' Roumanian Plunge

WHEN people invest their savings in public companies they are usually prompted by two things.

In the first place, they fully hope that the profits so confidently anticipated will come along at the appointed time, and, in the second place, they are swayed by the statements and figures set forth in the prospectus appealing for capital.

In these circumstances, it is of the utmost importance that directors should exercise the most scrupulous care before indulging in any optimistic predictions.

In April, 1927, a concern was formed called the Service Petroleum Co., Ltd., with an authorised capital of £380,000.

Its chief objects were to acquire from an American gentleman, named Lincoln G. Valentine, his business as a direct importer and merchant dealing in petroleum products, and to erect and maintain 100 super-service petrol-stations for motorists.

Predicted profits

Much was made of the latter object in the prospectus, and it was stated that the funds would be almost entirely devoted to the purchase of oil cargoes, stocks of petroleum products and well-chosen sites for the equipment of service-stations.

A contract had actually been entered into for the erection of the hundred stations on advantageous terms, at an approximate cost of £3,000 each, and from the great prominence devoted to this feature it was clear that the service-stations were to provide the bulk of the company's business.

They would, according to estimates, provide three-fourths of a yearly profit of £112,771.

The company's statutory report, which was issued three months later, showed that no less than £348,511 had been obtained from the investing public as a result of this very attractive prospectus.

Instead of allocating £300,000 to the equipment of the hundred service-stations, however, this report revealed the fact that only £6,349 had been spent in that direction, while £300,000 had gone to some unnamed concern "as payment on account of Roumanian holdings under agreement dated July 9, 1927."

Unjustified dividends?

It is important to note that the purchase of such holdings was not one of the objects for which the Service Petroleum Company, Ltd., obtained its capital from the public.

And, while it is true that dividends were paid to the shareholders in the following September, it is now fairly obvious from the first report, just issued by the company, that these dividends were never justified.

By the payment of the above £300,000 without the general consent of the shareholders, the directors diverted the major portion of the shareholders' money to a new undertaking.

Under the Companies Acts, they were, of course, quite within their rights in entering into this transaction, but it is hardly surprising that considerable comment was made on their action at the time, and some critics have now gone so far as to suggest that the payment of the dividends was made only to encourage holders to take up fresh holdings in a new issue made a little while afterwards.

For, in November, 1927, the Service Petroleum Company, Ltd., issued a fresh prospectus, the share capital being increased to £1,000,000.

Remarkable claims were put forward regarding the service-stations. Indeed, it is now officially stated that, completely changing the company's policy in one sweep by enabling it to deal in Roumanian crude oil, the directors estimated the total net profit for 1928 at no less than £208,750.

The recently-issued annual report provides much food for thought. Although the first prospectus estimated yearly profits from service-stations at £112,771, the actual profits shown to date are only £2,706!

And, instead of the hundred service-stations that were spoken of so confidently, the report reveals that *only four stations are being operated and that two are still in course of erection.*

Then, by way of patting themselves on the back, the directors remark that the cautious policy they have adopted in regard to this branch of the business has been justified!

The report shows that £998,662 was the total amount received from subscribers. Of this, £112,961 has gone in "preliminary expenses," while "goodwill at cost" accounts for £33,500.

Drastic advice

The latter is the amount paid to Mr. Lincoln Valentine in shares for his business of direct importer and merchant of petroleum products.

The company's holdings in the Roumanian proposition are shown as having cost £750,000 and as representing its chief "asset."

As it is obvious that shareholders must now look to this Roumanian venture for their profits, it will be interesting to consider it a little more intimately.

The concern involved is known as the Romana Africana Societate Anonima, and its accounts have not been audited for two years. They will not be made up until the end of this month, and therefore not published until next year.

Sir Charles H. Bedford, D.C.L., LL.D., D.Sc., Chairman of the Service Petroleum Co., Ltd.

Consequently, the exact position of this venture, which holds the bulk of the Service Petroleum Company's money, is not known, and the directors of the latter company have decided to postpone the question of any further dividends until accounts are available!

The present market value of the Service Petroleum shares is 7s. for the £1 shares and 9d. for the 1s. shares.

One financial expert has announced that they are "very fully valued at those prices," while another has delivered himself of a still more drastic decision and has pronounced them to be "of such a character that holders should get rid of them without delay."

The whole history of the venture is illuminating indeed, and original shareholders may be freely forgiven if they stand aghast at the disappointing events that have transpired since they parted with their money.

THE 1,001 EXCUSES ENTERTAINMENT

What Manchester Says To-day You Won't Believe To-morrow!

TENNYSON'S babbling brook is not the only thing that goes on for ever. In the matter of inventing excuses Mr. C. J. W. Manchester, of 41, Cheapside, London, E.C., is well able to hold his own!

Mr. Manchester describes himself as a "manufacturers' agent and merchant," and, early in September last, he got into touch with a gentleman who had advertised his willingness to pay a £5 bonus in return for a permanent situation.

Easy duties

The outcome was that the gentleman entered his employ and Mr. Manchester pocketed the £5.

The new employee did not find his duties very arduous, and his hardest task consisted of typing some circular letters. He himself provided the typewriter.

At a very early stage Mr. Manchester succeeded in inducing the other to lend him £2 10s. on the understanding that it would be repaid promptly with interest.

Business suspended

The employee was supposed to draw a salary of £2 10s. per week, but when the first week drew to a close nothing was forthcoming, nor was the loan repaid.

On September 28 Mr. Manchester wrote to say that money would be plentiful in the following week and added that he would like to borrow a further 30s.

The employee wisely refused to part with any more money, and a day or two later Mr. Manchester wrote to say that things had not turned out as expected and that he was suspending all business for a week. "You will not be left in the lurch," he added.

Then, on October 6, this was followed by a brief note giving his employee a week's notice. "I can get no money," he wrote. "I shall return the £5 bonus you paid together with all moneys due to you on the 15th instant."

Since then the erstwhile employee has been favoured with letter after letter.

No money

When he asked for his insurance cards Mr. Manchester promised to send them duly stamped. But he sent them unstamped and complained that he was "temporarily in a muddle."

After a further delay Mr. Manchester promised a full settlement within a fortnight. But at the end of that time he complained that he would have no money available for a week.

The week passed, but contemplated "arrangements" had not been completed, and Mr. Manchester wrote that he would have to get his solicitor to remit the money.

Unique request

Then, on November 14, he wrote imploring his long-suffering dupe to mark his letters of protest "Private." He would dispose of some stock and send a cheque within a week. "I shall not put you off again!" he declared.

Nothing more was heard until December 12, when Mr. Manchester wrote to say that matters were still in abeyance. "I am sick to death of this continual putting off," he wrote. He cannot be sicker than his dupe!

After Cooking

use HUDSON'S SOAP For washing up

R.S. HUDSON, LTD. LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH and LONDON.

M 344-108

Grave WIRELESS SCANDAL

Another Astounding Blunder

by

WALTER J. BAKER, M.P.

YOU cannot "fool all of the people all of the time," and I am going to make it my business to ensure that the people of this country are not kept in ignorance of the gravest Parliamentary scandal of recent years, a scandal which is a crippling blow at State enterprise and one which will result in a potential loss to the harassed taxpayers of many millions of pounds.

I refer to the recent decision of the House of Commons to hand beam wireless over to private interests.

Not only were the members of the public kept in the dark through a policy of deliberate Press suppression (for few even now realise the significance of beam wireless), but there were those in the House, too, who were in an almost similar position.

Enormous advantages

Beam wireless is one of the most amazing and most valuable inventions of modern times. Its potential values are almost incalculable. The patent is British; it was held by the nation. It belonged to *you*. Vast profits would have been reaped in the course of its exploitation by the Post Office.

Briefly, the beam system has two paramount advantages over the older and better-known method of transmitting messages by radio. It provides for a certain—in fact, very considerable—amount of secrecy, and it is economical in the use of power.

A message sent out by beam wireless is "concentrated" in the desired direction very much as a searchlight reflects its rays.

The message cannot be intercepted by any except those almost immediately in its path, whereas, in the case of the older system, a message follows a course similar to the ripples of a pond into which a stone has been cast, is interceptable in all directions, and, moreover, demands excessive power in its delivery.

Sold for a song

Secrecy and economy—these, then, constitute the genius of this invention. It will need little stretching of the imagination on the part of the reader to visualise its importance both in time of peace and in time of war.

Millions of money will be made from it, but Parliament has decreed that those millions shall go into private pockets and not into the coffers of the State. One of the rarest chances of successful State enterprise has been sold for a song.

That song was the doleful dirge of the cable companies, which, in plain language, threatened that if the acute competition of the beam system was not removed by the transfer of the beam services to them, they would be obliged to liquidate their huge undertakings and distribute their huge reserves to the shareholders.

This meant, in still plainer language, "Surrender, or we let the foreigner in!" The Government surrendered—not altogether unwillingly, as I shall later show—and handed over the rightful heritage of the taxpayer.

Ruinous condition

And now for the facts.

When it was decided, in 1924, to utilise the newly perfected beam system, four Government stations were established for communication with Canada, South Africa, India, and Australia. All of them were under Post Office control.

The last service came into operation on September 6, 1927, and, within four months, the combined success of the four Government beam stations was making the cable companies "sit up."

So much so, in fact, that on December 19, 1927, the Postmaster-General announced that an Imperial

Mr. Justice Eve is a judge of the High Court. He was born seventy-two years ago, and was made a Q.C. in 1895. He presided over the Marconi proceedings in November, 1927, and, after a hearing lasting several days, confirmed the reduction of the company's capital

Conference had been called to consider the position created by the successful Government competition.

To prepare the way for this conference and to meet the new situation, the Eastern and Associated Cable companies and the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company agreed to form a merger. *But*, they made it a condition that the Government should transfer the beam installation to them!

The upshot was that the Imperial Conference recommended that the Pacific Cables, the West Indian Cable and Wireless System and the Imperial Atlantic Cables be sold, *and the Post Office beam services should be leased to private cable and wireless interests for twenty-five years.*

It is obvious enough that the merger between the cable companies and the Marconi Company, depending, as it did, on the acquisition of the Government cables and Post Office beam services, was a deliberate attempt to force the Government to hand over national properties.

Every one of the eleven witnesses examined at the Imperial Conference represented one or other of the interests which stood to lose by Post Office wireless competition!

Although the conference discussed five possible methods of dealing with Imperial communications, the possibility of developing the Imperial services under the joint control of the Home and Dominion Governments was not debated.

Monopoly demanded

Why? Was the conference called solely for the purpose of meeting the wishes of the jealous cable companies?

Then that threat on the part of the cable companies—companies whose success has been built on Government subsidies totalling over £4,000,000.

Unless acute competition was removed by the transfer to them of the beam services, they would be forced to liquidate their concerns and distribute their reserves of about £11,000,000 to their shareholders.

In other words, they demanded a complete monopoly within the Empire for their own financial benefit, with the result that the conference reported that, if the threat were carried out, it would enable foreign interests to strengthen their position.

Such a nice slice of patriotism at an Imperial Conference!

During the debate in the House of Commons unsuccessful efforts were made to obtain an explanation of the amazing piece of finance behind this transfer, but it is clear that the cables owned by the British Government and the Dominion Governments jointly, which cost £7,134,797, are to be transferred for a sum of £2,500,000, without information as to the basis of valuation.

It is also clear that the beam wireless is to be leased for twenty-five years at an immediate annual rental of £250,000, plus a lump sum payment of £60,000!

Holding the whip hand

And yet, while the publicly owned cables are being taken over at a greatly depreciated figure and the beam wireless is being leased for a long period at an initial rent, *which is little more than the profit for the first complete year*, the plant of the private companies is, apparently, being taken into the new concern on the basis of their share value.

In November, 1927, for instance, the Marconi Company stated before Mr. Justice Eve that the book value of its assets was £3,177,433—but these same assets are to be sold to the new concern for £17,350,000 in shares.

Mr. Walter J. Baker has been Labour M.P. for East Bristol since 1923, and a Labour Party Whip since 1925. He is fifty-two, and was formerly a Post Office employee. Now he acts as Assistant General Secretary to the Union of Postal Workers

Even an attempt to ensure that the whole-time chairman of the new company should be approved by the Government was scotched.

So powerful are the cable companies that the Imperial Conference recommended that two directors should be approved by his Majesty's Government *on the recommendation of the cable companies.*

The failure to secure adequate Government representation on the board appears to me to be unjustifiable.

Farcical conference

To whom have we really rented the beam system, Mr. Baldwin?

The Imperial Conference was a farce. For all that was accomplished in the interests of the Empire it might never have been held.

The interest of private companies in the handing over of State undertakings is obviously solely a financial interest.

You cannot altogether blame the financiers for going after what they want, but you can and must blame the Government for parting with a property at the expense of the taxpayer and national interests.

Candidly, then, the cable companies merely wanted to secure this great link of Empire as cheaply as possible by the only remaining method, partly for its own profit-earning capacity, and partly to end for ever the damaging competition that it was levelling against them.

It is said that a complicated and powerful network of financial, banking, insurance, electrical and newspaper interests stands behind the cable companies; that by a process of linked directorships these forces can be effectively mobilised, and that the existence of this combination compelled the Government to yield.

In my opinion, there is certainly strong foundations for these beliefs. I am wondering, though, what defence the Government has.

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without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time

For your benefit we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not help.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out and finally relieves it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss discomfort that you endure—after you read this advertisement is *your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses may do. We have told you that the truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk

We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial.* If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill in the coupon below and post it to-day.

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The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And, above all else, it **HOLDS ALWAYS.**

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Over 514,000 people have accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 514,000 men, women and children there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.* Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for *you?*

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Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than other methods of treatment. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who overcame his rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day.

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1. It is absolutely the only appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
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6. The soft pliable bands give one a pleasant sensation of buoyancy and ease.
7. It is thoroughly sanitary; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the appliance to hurt one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best money can buy, making it a durable and safe appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon to-day.

Men, Women and Children find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No-Risk Trial Offer.**

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Send the FREE Coupon to either the Manchester or London Office—*whichever is more convenient.* But send it NOW.

Candid Communications

to People who Deserve Them

The Rt. Hon. LORD PARMOOR,
29, Wilton Crescent, London, S.W.

My Lord,—When you delivered a weighty and able speech in the House of Lords attacking the Government for its scandalous surrender of the beam wireless to the new Communications Company, almost the entire Press of Britain apparently conspired to ignore your protest. It seems as though any criticism of this rotten piece of Parliamentary work is automatically stifled. I ask you to redouble your denunciations of it, in the hope that the country may be roused by your words. John Bull.

His Honour Judge HARGREAVES,
West London County Court.

Dear Sir,—Speaking omnisciently from the Bench, you declare that "fifty shillings a week is a good wage for a married man." Your own salary is £1,500 a year. Before you next open your mouth and let such silly nonsense fall out of it, just consider for a moment how you would care to live on fifty shillings a week yourself. It would not pay the subscriptions to the half-dozen swell clubs which you adorn.

John Bull.

H.R.H. The PRINCE OF MONACO,
Monte Carlo.

Sir,—For many years your comic-opera realm has been the happy hunting-ground of the rich, the idle, the vicious and the foolish. Your revenues have come to you exclusively from your gilded casino, the scene of countless tragedies, of financial ruin, of desperate suicides. Now that this caricature of a State is in ferment, try to be a man. Go and clean up your little poisoned paradise and make it fit for decent people.

John Bull.

Mr. F. KROYER KIELBERG,
25, Upper Brook Street, London, W.

Dear Sir,—Your gift of £25,000 to the Miners' Fund is splendid. By birth a Dane, you have been naturalised a Briton for twenty years, and I understand that this is not the first time that you have magnificently proved your affection for your adopted country in the most practical manner possible. You are the stamp of "alien" I shall always welcome to our shores. Pay a visit to Denmark, and organise a second Danish invasion of men as fine as yourself.

John Bull.

The Rev. Father DEGAN,
Coalville, Leicestershire.

Dear Father,—I see that Coalville's Dismal Jimmies are on your track again, and that you have scotched their effort to prevent your organising Sunday evening dances for the young folk in your parish club. Well done! You have held up the right end of the stick; lay it on the shoulders of cant and killjoy hypocrisy as lustily as you can. You are nearer the kingdom of heaven than any of your critics. John Bull.

Mr. HAY HALKETT,
Marylebone Police Court.

Sir,—Three starving young Welsh miners were charged before you with stealing 3½d. worth of milk. You placed them on probation, binding them not to visit London for two years and *send them back to Wales*. You ought to know that single unemployed miners, whose "dole" is exhausted, cannot obtain relief from the guardians, and that they have no alternative but to go on tramp. Therefore your action was futile and ridiculous, though I prefer to ascribe it to ignorance rather than to hardness of heart. John Bull.

Mr. TUTTLE, State Attorney,
New York City, U.S.A.

Sir,—After much blether and bullying of witnesses, you have completed your "investigation" of the *Vestris* disaster. You declare that lamentable loss of life was caused by "the incompetence of Captain Carey and the crew" and by "the antiquated type of lifebelts . . . which were in use on board the ship." The world—like myself—will pay little heed to your report. It proves nothing beyond the fact that an overbearing babbler is allowed to hold high office in New York. John Bull.

Sir JOSIAH STAMP, G.B.E.,
Park Hill Road, Shortlands, Kent.

Dear Sir Josiah,—You have been pleading to the Royal Commission on Transport that further concessions should be given to the railways. But could not you wake up the country's railway officials from their Rip Van Winkle slumbers? The truth is that no one believes that the railways are trying their best to improve their organisations and modernise their methods. Get a move on. John Bull.

The Rev. Canon ROSE,
Vicar of Brighton.

Dear Vicar,—You have banned a watch-night service in your church on New Year's Eve because you do not approve of so emotional a ceremony. I pity you sincerely. The passing bell which tolls the old year out and the glad peal which welcomes its newly born successor touch a chord of hope, of memory, and of high resolve in most human hearts. That such emotion should move you only to scorn is a miserable confession for a Christian. John Bull.

Mr. WILLIAM WALKER,
Headen Terrace, Nottingham.

Dear William,—As your 107th birthday approaches, you declare that pork, and plenty of it, alone has kept you hale and hearty for more than a century. You scorn monkey-glands as rejuvenators, and turn again to a good slice of pork pie. I hope the pork-butchers of the world are taking care of their finest advertisement. Did they send you loins and legs of pork, hams, black puddings, sausages and savoloys as Christmas presents? I hope so. John Bull.

Mr. A. J. COOK,
General Secretary, The Miners' Federation.

Dear Comrade Cook,—When holding a meeting at Taunton, you could find no better way of showing your puny power than by insulting and libelling the reporters present, and by inciting your audience to do likewise. The Press made you, by giving you the publicity you so avidly courted. You owe your notoriety to the honest endeavours of working journalists adequately to report your words. At Taunton you behaved like a cad, and a silly one at that.

John Bull.

Messrs. HARVEY BROTHERS,
High Street, Croydon.

Sirs,—With "extreme regret" Mr. Justice Shearman allowed your appeal against Mrs. Leverington's claim for a "tea bonus" of £3 10s. I have long since shown up these "bonus" schemes for what they are worth, and I rejoice that a judge has criticised your methods as "a dishonest scheme to gull the public." The letter of the law has granted you the paltry sum which you refused to disgorge, but the publicity which has been given to your dishonest trading will, I sincerely hope, smash your rotten business completely. John Bull.

Mr. NOEL CURTIS-BENNETT, C.V.O.,
131b, St. James' Court, London, S.W.

Dear Sir,—The Government has appointed you to co-ordinate all schemes and funds for the relief of unemployed miners and their families. Congratulations on so brilliant a chance. But may I offer you a word of advice, drawn from my experience of watching so many "relief" funds frittered away without touching the evil they were raised to cure?

See to it that every penny we subscribe is used to alleviate genuine distress; insist that those who actually administer relief temper justice with compassion for the afflicted; disregard the reports of officialdom and bumbledon, and go and see for yourself the plight of these folk whose need is so great.

Success in your great task will place you high in the nation's esteem. You have undertaken enormous responsibilities, and I look to you to be worthy of them. John Bull.

Straight from the Shoulder

Major-Gen. J. E. B. Seeley: "High taxation and small profits in the basic industries rule out the wealthy classes as a source of capital."

Then what, in heaven's name, does it do to the poverty-stricken?

• • •

Lord Inchcape: "If we lived on our own fat I venture to think the fat would be consumed before long."

Besides, to begin with, where's the fat?

• • •

Sir Wilfrid Grenfell: "The bedrooms of England at night are the coldest places in the world."

With the possible exception of sleeping out without a bedroom.

• • •

Mr. Newell Smith: "You can't foster the spiritual life of a people by telling them they are going to the devil."

Nor encourage it by giving people the devil of a time.

• • •

Mr. Ramsay Muir: "Such influences as the missionary movement are needed even more to-day than in the past."

And not solely among the so-called heathen, either.

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TYPE H·M·6·
HIGH TENSION
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60 VOLTS 3,000 MILLIAMP HOURS

because—

—of its unique design.—thick plates, giving full capacity and long life.—sealed-in connectors preventing intercell leakage.—sensible anti-corrosive clip-on terminals ensuring perfect contact at each ten volt tapping point.

—of its unique construction in a one piece moulded container, making it the most compact H.T. accumulator obtainable. It can be housed in many radio cabinets where this desirable convenience could not otherwise be achieved. A detachable acid-resisting strap handle is an additional convenience.

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Supplied Fully Charged WITH ACID ready for immediate use

37/6

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Please send me your latest H.T. and L.T. Accumulator Catalogue showing latest reduced prices.

Name .....

Address .....

The side that keeps its nerve longest~wins

HOW many games have been won and lost in the last few minutes? One team suddenly pulls out an extra bit of nervous energy. The other side falls to pieces—beaten by nerves.

Thousands of leading athletes regularly use Wrigley's Chewing Sweets to steady their nerves. Your doctor will tell you how the act of chewing soothes your nervous system—how the healthful cleansing action of Wrigley's refreshes the mouth and tones you up all round.

Dentists and medical men also recommend Wrigley's after every meal—because it aids digestion, cleanses the teeth and removes all traces of eating and smoking.

Use Wrigley's—the sweet of efficiency and good health.

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1D PER FOUR PIECE PKT.

SORE THROAT!

COUGHING? SLIGHT CHILL? SNEEZING? SHIVERY? HOARSE? HEAD SWIMMING? EYES WATERING? TIGHT CHEST? FEEL STUFFY?

TAKE VENO'S

LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

For Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all throat and lung complaints.

1/3 & 3/- per bottle

The Truth About Things—by the Editor

THOSE TRAGIC LITTLE FEET!

A Colossal Government Blunder

IT is difficult to believe that the Government has rejected the Children's Boot Bill. We can only surmise that hundreds of well-fed, well-shod, comfortable M.P.s find it possible to do in a body what any British gentleman would scorn to do as an individual.

For the cruel meanness of this thing that has been done is incredible. The need for boots for the children is not denied. Even Lord Eustace Percy has admitted it. His own statistics have given irrefutable evidence that the voluntary efforts of charity have not touched the fringe of the need.

Other Government officials have given statistics showing the terrible and increasing menace of rheumatism amongst children, a menace that, left unchecked, will undoubtedly lower very seriously the standard of physique throughout the nation.

There is nothing mysterious in this spreading ill of rheumatism. It is a disease brought about by undue exposure to damp and wet. The children's boots, where such fragments of footwear remain at all, let in wet. Not one half of the children of the 1,300,000 registered unemployed are protected against the ravages of rheumatism through wet.

THIS is the misery of bad boots. This is what the Children's Boot Bill was framed to prevent. It was a very simple measure, designed to meet an urgent and imperative need for a very short period, and was to have been operative over a very limited area.

The happiest feature was its elevation from a merely Party to a broadly human measure. It had a good many Government supporters. In especial the women M.P.s sunk all Party differences and united to throw their weight of influence in favour of the measure.

It is the sort of Parliamentary co-operation we have been advocating for years. It has always seemed to us ridiculous to stand tight on Party platforms when legislation for purely human betterment was afoot.

What possible difference of opinion can there be between Conservative, Liberal or Labour on the necessity for providing barefoot British children with boots? The women M.P.s saw none, and they were right. Neither, we venture to say, did the Right Honourables the Members of His Majesty's Government see any, only they were determined not to supply the necessary money. That was all.

SO their chosen spokesman, Mr. Winston Churchill, in all the dignity of his office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, stood up against this Bill, which had triumphantly passed its second reading, and floored it with a well-aimed, carefully calculated blow.

The Bill would need a special financial resolution, and the Government was not prepared to grant facilities. Therefore the Boot Bill was dropped!

Thus, in a sentence, in cold official language, was the situation presented to the Government—not by hysterical individuals, but by equally official bodies, such as the National Union of Teachers, the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship, and the Central Committee on Women's Training and Employment—brushed aside.

It is a bad business. The opportunity has been missed. The miners' children still sit without boots, or trudge to school in shoes that let in all the bitter weather. We hope those responsible, as they contemplate their own well-shod offspring, like the picture.

But they need not think the matter is ended. The Bill's sponsors are going to see that it goes into Committee, and that in some form or another boots are put on bare feet.

It is an immediate practical measure of relief that nothing but sheer inhumanity will attempt to hinder.

The New Arrival: "Good Lord! Haven't you cleaned up that mess yet?"

The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P.

WHAT A *TRICK!*

ENLISTING in the King's Royal Rifles in November, 1914, Mr. Postles, of 8, Hawarden Way, Mancot Royal, Queen's Ferry, served right through the war.

He was demobbed, like thousands of others, to find his job gone. When he did find work his chest weakness, brought on by war service, obliged him to relinquish it.

His "dole" stopped. His family income was a few shillings for blowing the church organ and a food ticket from the guardians. Pneumonia followed; ill-luck came thick and fast.

His children sickened with complaints usually incident to semi-starvation, his baby died. His wife had to undergo severe operations.

Turned out of a shared room by the sanitary authority, the family took a house and rapidly got behindhand with rent and rates.

An order was made, and, in spite of the fact that Mr. Postles, having again found work, was paying off a little each week, he was arrested for debt, spent his Christmas, and is spending his New Year, in prison.

"I have prayed and wept," says his wife.

The miracle is that she does not add she is feeling savagely bitter.

The Human Machine

YOUR CHANCE!

A NEW YEAR! Twelve brand new months with which you can do what you like.

You can make them happy or you can make them sad.

The door has been shut on the old year. More than that, it has been shut so fast that you cannot ever open it.

It is not the least good pushing. That door is shut for ever.

What a lot of people fail to realise this and spend their time trying to get back into the year that has gone instead of marching boldly into the future!

What a waste of time!

It is a brand new year. If you have never had a chance before you have one now. See that you use it.

A GREAT BETRAYAL!

P.M.G's. Shameful Surrender

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

The Rt. Hon. Sir William Mitchell-Thomson, K.B.E., M.P., Postmaster-General

THE announcement that the Post Office has surrendered to the great industrial assurance companies by discontinuing its own life assurance scheme is one of the most damning and disgraceful announcements that ever affected a Government Department.

It is blandly stated that in future this sort of business is going to be left to "private enterprise."

Now, I have a very open mind on what is known as the question of "private enterprise" as opposed to "nationalisation."

Both the names are labels, and, like all labels, are liable to misrepresentation and distortion. No one, for instance, would dream of allowing the roads and highways to go back to private ownership. No one would dare to suggest that the water-supply should be handed over to a private company free to act without check or hindrance.

We should consider a man a fit candidate for a lunatic asylum who proposed handing over the sanitation of towns and cities to a profit-making group of "private enterprisers."

On the other hand, it is a highly debatable point whether a business that is not a vital communal necessity shall be run by "private enterprise" or by the State.

Laughing at the law

But in any case these are modern days. The State is so mixed up with the private life of the citizen that even "private enterprise" is subject to all sorts of rules and regulations.

It is no longer a simple question of rob or be robbed. Neither a private individual nor a private company can act without a thought of the community.

At every turn Parliament steps in with checks and safeguards.

That is, until you touch the industrial assurance companies. They laugh at the law. They flout it openly.

And the law lets them. Where the industrial assurance companies are concerned it is either puerile or deliberately pernicious—I can never determine which.

These are the people to whom the Government has surrendered! These are the companies from which even the feeble opposition of the Post Office is to be withdrawn!

"Nothing less than a swindle"

For years the pages of JOHN BULL have carried indictment after indictment of their methods—and Parliament and the Government have sat tamely by.

I picked up the other day a copy of the *Assurance Agents' Chronicle*. It is a paper written by Prudential agents for Prudential agents.

I found in it a letter about the *Prudential Bulletin*.

"Sir," says the writer, "may I draw the attention of Pru men to page 1418 of the November issue of the above and read the presidential address by Sir Joseph Burn at Cordwainers' Hall, London, to members of the Insurance Institute of London.

"Then procure a copy of JOHN BULL, November 10. On page 23 you will find a picture of Sir Joseph and an article entitled 'A Wicked War Loan Wangle,' by E. Roffe Thompson; *and for a sample of legal robbery I have never read its equal.*

"A Mr. Wolstenholme paid £2 a month for a period of eight years, totalling to £216. This was supposed to be a war loan policy.

"The company offered him £200 to settle the matter. He refused the offer and put the case to the Industrial Assurance Commissioner, and he gave judgment in favour of Mr. Wolstenholme for £270.

"The article goes on to state that in one form or another premiums amounting to nearly £30,000,000 were paid on policies of this class, and deducting what policy-holders have received in return, a net profit was left to the office of about £20,000,000—profits gained by false pretences.

"*Every Pru agent who has paid claims on this class of business knows that it is nothing less than a swindle!*" The italics are mine.

Policy-holder's total loss

What do you think of that? What do our legislators think of that? A Prudential agent writing in the Prudential agents' paper about his own company—and not a word of refutation of any of the facts or allegations in my article.

On the contrary—"Every Pru agent who has paid claims on this class of business knows that it is nothing less than a swindle!"

The writer goes on to say:

"Every director and shareholder of the company amasses fortunes out of the sordid dividend-hunting in a business *which, above every other, wants cleansing.*

"War loan policies, surrender values on policies where the policy-holders by force of circumstances (to buy bread, perhaps) are compelled to give up their business, are a total loss to the policy-holder and a perfect gold-mine to the companies.

"I am an agent, and no manager would ever make me believe that they lose on lapses."

That must have made nice reading for Sir Joseph Burn!

I see that the sorry betrayal of the people over insurance is to be raised in the House of Commons.

Men—or tools?

It is time, indeed, that some of our politicians plucked up the courage to defend the poor and helpless from this bloated Colossus that can dictate to the Treasury and bend the Cabinet to its will.

I hope the strongest possible pressure will be put upon the Government to rescind this iniquitous decision and to make it sell its insurance as it sells its stamps.

It has never made the least attempt to do business. It has, through its post offices, denied again and again all knowledge of the existence of such business.

It has not only never encouraged the public to do business with it—it has deliberately discouraged it.

It has even advertised its rivals!

Surely the House of Commons is not so moribund as to sit tamely by while this is done?

Who sits at Westminster? Are they men—or tools?

The present Parliament is dying, but it is not yet dead. It can still do something to justify its existence, which up to now has not been exactly glorious.

It can stop this shameless piece of business and force the Post Office to conduct the nation's business in a businesslike way for the benefit of the hardworking and thrifty people who will otherwise be left to the tender mercies of the assurance companies.

THE HORROR

by The Rt. Rev. Th

"HOMES fit for Heroes" was one of the watchwords of reconstruction after the war. On all sides it was felt that one of the immediate tasks before the nation was the building of new houses and the abolition of the slums. It was plain that it was useless to pull down houses, however bad they were, until accommodation had been provided for their tenants.

The Bishop of Southwark

A great campaign for new houses was therefore planned and has been successfully carried out by the Ministry of Health. New towns have sprung into existence. Fields and roads have been replaced by a network of streets.

Over one million houses have been built since the Armistice. And the most casual visitor to the environs of any of our large cities cannot fail to notice that building is still going on apace.

But, notwithstanding all this activity, the slums still exist. In narrow, dingy, insanitary cottages, or blocks of tenement buildings, large populations still dwell without sufficient room, air or light.

It is estimated that in London alone there are nearly 130,000 people living in insanitary houses; in Bristol there are 25,000; in Leeds there are 72,000 back-to-back houses; in Birmingham there are 44,000.

BUT figures by themselves give no idea of the discomfort and wretchedness of life in the slums. Here are some actual cases:

The first is a house of three rooms with a living-room-kitchen. In the front room there are four persons—the parents, a boy of four years of age and a baby. In the back room there are two girls, aged twenty-three and twenty-one, sleeping in a small bed; three girls, aged twenty-six, seventeen and seven, in another bed; and one boy aged thirteen sleeping on the floor.

In a small box-room there are two boys, aged fifteen and seven. The family has to sit on beds for meals.

In the next case, the father and mother, the grown-up daughters, and a boy aged fourteen occupy three rooms, two of them without windows,

WATCH THAT SQUIB!

A School of Fighting-cocks

by A. G. GARDINER

THE New Year finds Dame Europa's school unusually quiet and well-behaved. There are clouds on the horizon and possible storms brewing beyond the horizon. But the immediate sky is clear. There are, however, deep depressions moving, not over Iceland, as they say so frequently on the wireless, but over two remote parts of the earth.

The fact that they are remote does not mean that they are unimportant to us. Just as a depression over Iceland may mean a spell of bad weather here, so a little war beyond the Himalayas or in the heart of Central America may have unpleasant reverberations in Whitehall. All the world is one nowadays, and a row in Patagonia or Timbuctoo may set troops tramping anywhere.

We cannot therefore be quite indifferent to what is going on in Afghanistan and Central America simply because it is a long way off and it is no concern of ours. Everything in this modern world is a concern of ours.

The fatal spark

We did not think that the shooting of an Austrian prince in Serajevo was a concern of ours. But in two months we discovered that it meant that we and all the world were caught in the greatest war in history.

I do not think for a moment that this experience is likely to be repeated now, but it is well to know what these rows are about, and where we come in or do not come in. So far as the Afghanistan affair is concerned, I think our course is clear. It is a domestic rumpus, in which we have no reason to take sides and no need to interfere.

When Amanullah and his Queen visited us a little time ago, we gave them a good time, and treated them with all respect; but we have no interest in their domestic troubles, and if Amanullah falls and gets in prison, well, that is only the fate which he managed to arrange for his elder brother, whose throne he usurped and whom he has kept locked up for years.

We may feel some sympathy for the cause of his troubles, but we cannot deny that he has been a young man in a hurry. You cannot modernise and Westernise a primitive people by a stroke of the pen or the wave of a sword.

You cannot change people's dress and habits and religion and superstitions in the course of a month or two without rousing fierce passions and hostilities.

That is what has happened in Afghanistan, and if Amanullah comes to grief, it is our business to see that we have no share in the consequences.

Two absurd fighting-cocks

The case of Bolivia and Paraguay is a more serious affair. Here are two neighbouring republics thinly populated, sandwiched between Argentine and Brazil. They are bad bedfellows, and have quarrelled over a disputed strip of territory that lies between them.

They have behaved like two rather absurd fighting-cocks who want to scratch each other's eyes out and tear each other's feathers off without regard to the reason and sanity of things.

I do not suggest that they are more absurd than the great European nations were fourteen years ago; but because the scale is small and we are not in the picture we can see how ridiculous it all is, and what asses the fighting-cocks are.

It adds to the comedy of the situation to see the great Powers who have only just emerged, lame and bleeding and mutilated, from the deadly cockpit themselves, solemnly admonishing these offenders as if they had never been fools themselves. I hope the public of all countries will note this aspect of the comedy.

I am not here concerned with who is to blame or who has the right side of the quarrel. Both are to blame in the thing that matters—namely, that instead of arbitrating the dispute, as any two sensible tradesmen would do, they have rushed for their guns and taken the law in their own hands. If they could be isolated like a couple of maniacs they might be left to themselves.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner, who is famous as an authority upon international affairs

But they cannot be isolated. They are a part of the American continent, and if they go to war they will involve their neighbours. The United States is the creditor of Bolivia; the Argentine has great interests in Paraguay. There you have the stage set for a vast potential war, the repercussions of which cannot be foreseen.

Hopeful outlook

That is the possibility that makes this silly comedy great drama. It is not what Bolivia and Paraguay will do to each other that matters. It is the reactions of the trumpery affair in the great world that is important. In this respect I think we are entitled to find satisfaction.

We are seeing the new peace machinery of the world at work and the experience is full of promise. If this thing had occurred twenty years ago the two countries would long before this have been embarked in war, dragging their neighbours into the quarrel right and left.

Instead, they find themselves confronted with the mobilised public opinion of the world which is holding them in check like dogs on the leash. Two great world powers have come into play.

The League of Nations on the one side and the Pan-American Conference on the other have intervened, and we are now seeing on a small scale how the world of the future is going to function in international quarrels.

Neither the League nor the Conference says to the belligerents, "You *shall* not fight." But they do say in effect, "You *must* not fight. We offer you every civil and legal means for settling your quarrel justly. If in face of this you persist in your folly we will pronounce you outlaws.

"We will mobilise the economic and moral pressure of the world against you. We will leave you to stew in your own juice. We will cut off supplies from you, and isolate you as we isolate criminal lunatics."

There will be no war!

And as both Bolivia and Paraguay are members of both the League and the Conference, they will not dare to break this bond. They will scrap and scream, but they will surrender. There will be no war. And there will be no war because, for the first time in history, there is a world organisation to prevent war.

That is the fact to give significance to this drama. We are witnessing something new in the history of mankind. We are seeing the new world fire-brigade of peace putting out the flames. It is a cheering sight for those who can see it with a little imagination.

There will come occasions when the new Peace Fire Brigade will have bigger fires to deal with than this; but the experience of to-day will teach it how to handle greater jobs. Let us be grateful to the fighting-cocks of Bolivia and Paraguay for giving us this trial performance.

MY DOORSTEP

OF SOUTHWARK

only with skylights. The house is in a bad state of repair and is very damp.

In the third case, there is a long road in which in most houses the basements are let as flats. All the basements are dark, and most of them damp. In one instance, a family of five, two adults and three children, live in two basement rooms so damp that everything is covered in mildew.

I myself have been in tenement buildings where the stench was almost intolerable. I have been in dark alleys into which the sun hardly ever penetrates. I have been in small houses where rats make the ground floor rooms uninhabitable. I have been into houses intended for one family, but which are now occupied by half a dozen separate families.

IT is impossible to calculate the unhappiness and the loss of life caused by these conditions. The death-rate is high. Rheumatism, consumption and anæmia abound. The children have no place in which they can do their home lessons undisturbed. Home life becomes almost an impossibility. The slums are still a scandal to our civilisation.

But violent denunciation will not solve the problem. Experience has shown that the matter must be dealt with in more than one way. Building new houses on the outskirts of towns does not really help the slum-dweller at all.

Slum clearance is the ideal policy, but the process of completely clearing a whole district of insanitary buildings is both slow and costly. If this process alone is relied on, new generations will be born and will die in the existing slums before they are demolished.

IN addition to slum-clearance schemes, a Government-aided policy of reconditioning is required, under which local authorities and public utility societies will be able to reconstruct and recondition buildings which though insanitary are not past repair.

In this way houses at a cheap rent might be provided for those who cannot afford to move far from their existing homes.

Probably, also, it will be necessary, in towns where vacant sites are difficult to secure, to build tenements higher than is usual in this country, but with lifts, as in America, to avoid exhausting journeys up and down stairs.

If once the national conscience is aroused to the extent and the horror of the slums, it will be found possible to deal with the problem on a more comprehensive scale than has been possible up to date. There is need for immediate action.

A Grandmother's Testimony

"My dears," said grandma once to us,
"I've known both joy and sorrow;
I've had my share of storm and shine,
Though I should die to-morrow;
And what d'ye think has helped me best
To face this hard world's ills,
With steady nerves and sturdy health?
'Tis taking Holloway's Pills.

"I've done my share of good hard work;
You see this hand? I've known it
All rough and grimed with household toil—
I'm not ashamed to own it;
And then I had no cash to spare
For paying doctors' bills,
But if I ailed I cured myself
By taking Holloway's Pills.

"When first we wed, your grandpa, dears,
Was not what you remember—
A wealthy man—but one who worked
From New Year to December.
Folks said he'd moil himself to death.
But 'taint fair work that kills;
And if I thought him out of sorts,
I gave him Holloway's Pills.

"As years went by I'd boys and girls
To kiss and call me 'mother';
As fast as one got out of hand,
There'd sure to be another.
They'd whooping-cough and measles too,
And other childish ills,
But many a doctor's bill I saved
By using Holloway's Pills.

"Ah well! You know I reared them all.
Both rosy strong and hearty;
How proud I am to see them now
At every Christmas party.
And I'm a hale old woman yet,
In spite of age's ills,
And always like to speak a word
In praise of Holloway's Pills."

For over ninety years Holloway's Pills have been the standard domestic remedy in countless British homes. Tens of thousands of letters testify to their effectiveness in cases of **Biliousness, Liver** and **Stomach Complaints, Headaches, Constipation,** etc. Holloway's Ointment is invaluable for **Skin Disorders, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Boils, Piles, Bronchial Troubles,** etc.

Useful medical booklet. "Advice for All," sent free if you mention "John Bull."

HOLLOWAY'S
World Famous PILLS
& OINTMENT

Pills, 1/3 per box; Ointment, 1/3 per jar.
Of all Chemists and Stores.
If any difficulty in obtaining write:
Thomas Holloway,
113, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1

MILLIONS *for* SNOBS

Public Schools for All

by HORACE NEWTE

I THINK I am right in saying that our education is the most expensive in the world. I also assert it is quite the very worst, in the sense of value received for good money spent.

In the year 1923–24, the latest year for which complete figures are available, the expenditure on all forms of education was £73,943,246.

This was distributed between Exchequer grants and local rates. About a million of this was given to Universities.

But, since that time, the Exchequer grant has been swollen by several more millions, which means that the educational authorities are not unlike the daughters of the horse leech, who were ever crying for more.

But since these millions stand only for what is spent ("squandered" would be a better word) on County Council education, there are yet the large sums paid annually by parents of the middle and upper classes for the bringing up of their sons and daughters in the way they should go.

Wasted millions

These sums in the aggregate must be considerable. It costs about £300 a year to send a boy to Eton and Harrow.

Others of the many public schools of the better sort cost anything from £200 to £300 a year. And as for the less expensive sort, these cost from about £150 to £200.

Thus it will be seen that not far short of a hundred millions a year are spent on education in this country.

If the results were upon all fours with the money paid out, there might not be much to complain of. But since these are what they are, there is every ground for complaint.

Indeed, so far as England is concerned (matters in Scotland are otherwise, and for reasons that will be furnished), the money is mostly wasted. This is the more so with the County Council schools.

London school children speak a hideous Cockney, and rarely pronounce their aspirates. Country and provincial children clip their words until they are unrecognisable. It is rare for a County Council educated boy or girl to write a simple letter grammatically.

Woeful ignorance

Business men have told me that they have given up engaging girls from these schools as they are illiterate, and many of the boys are in much the same boat.

Women who do social work in industrial districts tell me that girls in their teens can barely write their own names.

And as for the simple domestic arts, housewives declare that these girls are woefully ignorant, and cannot be trusted to boil an egg. A sufficient condemnation of this education is the sorry stuff its products read and appreciate in amusements.

Strictly from an educational point of view, the results are disquieting. Many of these boys cannot spell and are lamentably wanting in knowledge.

So wanting are they that if, on leaving school, they want to pass an examination, they are compelled to go to a "crammer."

Those who have had Continental educations tell me that the average German or French boy, on leaving his school, knows far more of English history than the average English boy.

Mr. Horace Newte

And it is the same with other subjects. If an English boy is clever and wishes to learn, he can; otherwise he leaves school with an ill-digested smattering of knowledge. It is much the same with the girls.

To my mind, they manage these things better on the Continent. Education is vastly better and very much cheaper. But then, with infrequent exceptions, they do not have boarding-schools, and all classes go to the same schools.

The population of France is roughly 39,000,000. The cost of education is £19,000,000. It is also much the same in Germany in proportion to the population.

There are no public schools, as we know them, with the exception of one or two in Saxony, and those run by a sect that resembles our Quakers. But there, as in France and the Scandinavian countries, all classes go to the same "gymnasium."

There are two sorts of gymnasium, the real and the ordinary. In the former are taught the classics and foreign languages; in the other, an ordinary commercial education.

Real education

Yet the cost to the parents for the best education in the world is £7 yearly for the real gymnasium, and £3 or £4 for the other.

I have made careful enquiries, and the charges in the Scandinavian countries and the Baltic Republics are much the same.

The several States concerned severally pay a given sum for educational costs. But these payments do not remotely approach the sums paid out by our Government.

I know I am asking for trouble in daring to queer the pitch of our vast and powerful educational trusts.

But my solution of our costly problem is that we should scrap our upper and middle-class schools and substitute for these the Continental system of education by which all classes receive similar instruction, and all classes receive it together.

The money thus saved would run into millions; education would be more worthy of the name; thousands of parents would not be harassed by boarding-school bills; and, lastly, a heavy blow would be struck at our national vice of snobbery.

FIRST-FOOTING

Begin the New Year Well!

ALL over the world the New Year is ushered in with ceremony. It is a time of new beginnings, a sign of fresh hope. Different New Year customs obtain in different localities. In the North, for instance, the greatest importance is attached to "first-footing."

Every family watches the New Year in, waiting to welcome the first foot from the outside world to cross the threshold. But woe betide the family fortunes if the first foot happens to be a woman or a fair man.

To ensure good luck throughout the year, the first visitor must be a dark man, and, better still, if in his hand he brings a bottle of wine, a piece of bread and a lump of coal. Then indeed will the home be sure of warmth and plenty throughout the year.

Solid good luck

This, of course, is folklore and superstition only. But if the first foot this year brings to any family not yet conversant with the benefits a copy of John Bull, with the registration form ready to sign, it will not be superstition, but solid good luck.

JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Scheme covers every registered reader from domestic ill-luck all the year round.

Why not you?

Mrs. D. Taylor, of 9, Northumberland Avenue, Nottingham, found this true when clothing she was airing before the fire caught alight and was destroyed. JOHN BULL came to the rescue and made good the loss.

This is just one case out of the 807 fire claims which have been attended to by JOHN BULL during the last three months. In addition, storm damage, sickness and personal injury have accounted for hundreds more.

All these readers and others who have been cheered and helped by JOHN BULL cheques within the last few weeks declare their determination to recommend the paper and its Free Insurance Scheme wherever they go.

They will put a copy in their pockets to ensure their friends having a first-footing that is lucky indeed.

SWEATED HEROES *of the* ETHER

S.O.S. ···———·· £ s. d.!

THE tragedy of the *Vestris* has reminded us that the wireless age has produced a new type of hero, the sea-going wireless operator.

Michael O'Loughlin, the chief wireless operator on board the ill-fated vessel, began sending out S.O.S. messages just after the collision.

For more than three hours he stuck to his post while the ship was sinking, sending a final cheery "Good-bye!" a quarter of an hour after the passengers and crew began to leave the doomed ship.

That is characteristic of our wireless heroes. In the whole period of radio at sea there has never been a single instance of a British operator shirking one tittle of his job when duty called.

On the contrary, he has always been ready to risk being drowned like a rat in a trap, doing a little more than his duty demanded.

No one will ever forget the undying heroism of Phillips and Bride, the two operators on board the *Titanic*.

Stuck to their posts

When Phillips sent Bride to tell the captain that the *Carpathia* was rushing to their rescue, the monster vessel was sinking by the stern, and the decks were crowded with scrambling men and women who were being hustled into the boats.

A little later Phillips reported that the wireless was getting weaker, and the captain explained that the engine-rooms were taking water and that the dynamos could not last very much longer.

When next Bride left the wireless-room, the water was nearly level with the boat decks, and there was a frenzied scramble aft.

It was then that Phillips picked up the *Olympic*, and as he was communicating with her, Bride strapped a life-belt round him.

Again the captain appeared—this time to tell them to save themselves. But no, they insisted on staying at their posts for another ten minutes, even though the wireless-room was awash.

Horror succeeded horror. While Phillips was at work, a stoker, mad with terror, burst into the water-logged cabin, and tried to unbuckle his life-belt.

Bride felled him with a straight left, and soon after that he and Phillips ran for their lives.

For the sake of others

A wave dashed on deck and swept Bride into the sea, where he found himself under a capsized boat. He swam clear, and eventually reached the *Carpathia*, injured and nearly dead beat.

But, after a short rest, he insisted on relieving the *Carpathia's* operator, who, by this time, was completely worn out.

Phillips was drowned.

Michael O'Loughlin

On board the *Egypt*, which collided with the French cargo boat *Seine*, on May 20, 1922, and went down stern first, were two wireless heroes, Curtis and Hardwick, who gave their lives for the sake of their fellow-men.

The third operator, Dorrington Graves, escaped by what can only be regarded as a miracle.

Although the *Egypt* had such a heavy list that the wireless-room seemed to be turning upside down, Graves wedged himself in position and kept sending S.O.S. messages until the very last.

Terrible responsibility

Both the *Chama* and the *Akabo* of the West African Mail Service picked up his calls and rushed to the scene of the disaster.

He was actually still at his job when the *Egypt* heeled over. As he scrambled on deck her bows were swinging over on top of him. He heard the loose engines rattling through the vessel's plates, and the deep boom of her bulkheads bursting.

The funnels broke off, and the masts collapsed inwards, and then the ship went down stern first in a great whirlpool.

By a superhuman effort, he swam clear of the maelstrom and was picked up by a boat.

The *Empress of Ireland*, which went down in 1914 with the loss of more than a thousand lives, was another case where wireless heroism helped to mitigate the disaster.

The catastrophe occurred with appalling suddenness, for, after colliding with a tramp steamer in the mouth of the St. Lawrence, the *Empress of Ireland* sank in a quarter of an hour.

From the first it was obvious that the ill-fated vessel would go down in a matter of minutes. Yet Ferguson, the wireless operator, fortunately kept his head.

Five minutes after the collision his dynamos failed, but in that short space of time he had succeeded in getting messages through.

Vessels tore to the rescue at once, and more than four hundred lives were saved.

A wireless operator on board ship has responsibilities second only to those of the captain.

A ship in distress on unfrequented waters depends solely upon him for the salvation of those on board.

Disgraceful return

In the hour of disaster he is the centre support of the wavering balance between life and death.

And in return for all this he is paid, on the average, little more than a fireman or a stoker!

The bo'sun is better off than he is, as are most of the junior officers, while stewards, particularly on the big liners, are millionaires by comparison.

To become a ship's wireless operator a man must hold a first-class Postmaster-General's certificate, which costs him at least a year's hard work and £150 in cash.

On joining he has to buy two blue uniforms, a dress uniform, half a dozen white suits and a great many odds and ends which are likely to entail an expenditure of £30 at least.

For the first six months he gets the princely salary of £7 a month, rising to £8 10s. for the next six, and £9 10s. a month for the second year. For the third year he gets £10 10s., and after that £13 a month.

His only chance of a further rise is to get a post as principal operator on board one of the ninety big ships of Class I.

If he is lucky enough to do this he gets £20 a month, which is the extreme limit of pay for our wireless heroes of the sea.

When he retires, as he is bound to do at the age of about forty-five, he gets no pension, and if he is lost at sea his family gets no workman's compensation, because it is held to be an act of God.

Undoubted right

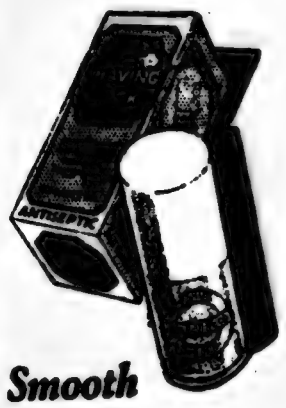
Surely this is preposterous. Wireless operators as a class have every right to command the highest respect and consideration.

That they are not receiving the recognition they deserve, and are shamefully remunerated for their responsible services, is abundantly clear from the foregoing facts.

England has always been a country for high dividends and low wages, but surely in this case the shipping companies are carrying the principle a little too far.

The Marconi Company is said to be in need of wireless operators. It is not surprising. If we want the services of heroes, we must pay for them.

"John Bull's" Grand Distribution of Gift Packages—Offer extended 15 days. (See page 2.)



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Smooth and clean is the shave, smooth and clean it leaves your face for the rest of the day. There's enough lather for 200 shaves in each stick. Get one to-day.

Shaving Stick & Refill - 10d.
In bright nickel box - - 1/-
Handy-Grip Stick - - 1/3

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

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BOYS' FINE CHEVIOT OVERCOATS

sent post free for only 1/- DOWN

TO FIT BOYS AGED 8 to 15.

Your Boy will not wear this coat out, he will grow out of it.

Made of the finest heavy all-wool Cheviots. Cut true in every detail, beautifully tailored and trimmed, doubly sewn seams and ample turnups in sleeves and bottom of coat to allow lengthening. In shades of Brown and Grey, Mid-Grey and Dark Grey. Price 21/6

Well worth 32/6. Send for one, and you will be pleased you have read this advertisement. Send age of Boy, and colour required, together with 1/- and full postal address and agree to pay 3/- per month.

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PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Each Suit is Cut and Made to your OWN MEASUREMENTS. NO DEPOSIT. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 7/- and then pay 7/- monthly until you are paid in all

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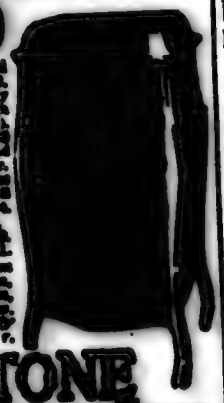

FULLOTONE

GET THIS FOR THE NEW YEAR!

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2/6

F. W. HALLS & CO., Limited, 27, Rochester.

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Celebrated SPARE TIME AGENCY

CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Coat's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Linos, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Chins, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

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Enquiries for Agency invited.

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ROGUES ROUND *the* RED CROSS

The Casualty Tout

ACCIDENTS from motor traffic are, unhappily, on the increase. Statistics tell us that, in London alone, three people leave home every morning and never come back.

In addition to these fatal accidents, very large numbers are maimed or permanently injured. Fatal and other accidents from motor-cars are a daily feature in the newspapers.

All public companies and most private people who use motor vehicles take out third-party insurances—that is to say, they pay premiums to divers insurance companies for shouldering the financial burdens they may have to bear for killing or injuring members of the public.

Immediately an accident of this sort occurs, the insurer is supposed to communicate with the insurance company with which he is insured.

Shady solicitors

When this is done, the company takes the matter in hand, and agrees with the injured party, or with the next-of-kin should the accident be fatal, on the sum to be paid in compensation.

Many of the applicants for compensation employ solicitors. They believe they will do better if they have legal advice.

There are solicitors and solicitors. Most of them are beyond reproach. But there are others who are not, in the sense that they so arrange matters regarding third-party insurances, when they have the handling of accident cases, that they do very well for themselves.

Should a person be knocked down in the street by a motor vehicle, and be so seriously injured as to be taken to a hospital, it is pretty certain that he will be approached by a man who acts for a firm of solicitors.

Divided benefit

This man would suggest that his firm should handle the case. He would not fail to point out that his particular firm has a wide experience in dealing with insurance companies, and, therefore, should do better for a client than if he acted for himself.

When the injured person consents to this proposal, as he frequently does, he will be asked what sum he will be satisfied with as compensation for the accident. And when this is furnished, he will be asked to sign a statement to this effect. This he usually does.

Then the representative of the solicitors will approach the insurance company concerned. He will tell the official who deals with these cases that his firm represents the victim of the accident.

But when the official asks what sum will satisfy this victim, the representative of the solicitors will demand a considerably larger sum than the amount originally claimed.

Should the insurance company pay the larger amount demanded, as it usually does, the cheque is made out to the firm of solicitors. The injured man gets the sum he demanded, and the firm of solicitors in question gets the not inconsiderable balance.

For the protection of workmen where compensation is awarded, the amount paid by the insurance company has to be registered before a registrar. Thus those concerned can see what money has been paid.

Unhappily for the public, the compensation for accidents under third-party insurance is not registered before a registrar.

Fleeced victims

The only safeguard for those who have the misfortune to meet with an accident from a motor vehicle is either to deal directly with the insurance company concerned, or to employ a firm of solicitors which is above reproach.

Above all, they should give no car to those apparently well-meaning strangers who suggest the services of a firm of solicitors.

Until the law is altered, so that the compensation for motor accidents is registered before a registrar, the person who meets with accident runs the risk of being fleeced.

The Sentence of the Court

HYPHENS AND HALLUCINATIONS

Lampson Smells a Fish

PEERING about with the haunted yet hopeful gaze of an elderly maiden lady whose efforts to discover a man under her bed have not yet been rewarded, Oliver Locker-Lampson pleaded "Not guilty" of action in restraint of trade.

"Having been unable to discover a solitary Bolshevist in his bedroom," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "the accused has to satisfy his feverish imagination with the numerous Bolshevist bees in his bonnet.

"The buzzing of these became particularly loud last week when Mr. Boothby, Parliamentary Secretary to Field-Admiral Winston Churchill, talked unexpected sense about resuming trade with Russia, pointing out that the internal situation in Russia is not our affair, but that our industries are declining, while we are sulkily refusing to trade with what is potentially one of the richest countries in the world.

"While this was accepted in most quarters as a hint of approaching Ministerial sanity, the egregious Locker-Lampson was moved to holler: 'Socialists and Liberals who want the Reds back may be crazy cranks, but Unionists who desire their return are weak-kneed renegades'—which shows that an impressive amount of hoarse-power is not incompatible with a very small helping of grey matter.

"But our hyphenated hero probed deeper to find the sort of ulterior motive for which small men who discuss large issues are always seeking. And lo! the sinister explanation was duly found in the fact that Mr. Boothby 'sits for a constituency where the herring industry hopes much from a revival of the Russian market.'

"Having dragged this discreditable skeleton into the light, Mr. Mocker-Lampson retired in triumph, apparently under the quaint delusion that he had delivered a knock-out blow!"

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter admitted that logic was not Mr. Lockjaw-Lampson's strong point. His client so strenuously believed in the Red bogey, Red letters, and Red plots, that even the idea of trading in red herrings disturbed him. He was also convinced that Bolshevism was a decaying force, and that we should not resume trade relations until Russia achieved a more stable government.

* * *

"For years," said Mr. Justice Bull, "the Joynson-Lampsons, Locker-Hickses and others suffering from hyphens and hallucinations have been announcing that the Russian Government is on the verge of collapse.

"But while we are waiting for the death of an administration which obstinately refuses to oblige its enemies by dying, British trade is declining. The plain fact is that Russia, having sampled Czarism and Bolshevism, prefers the lesser of two evils.

"Who is this comic Locker-Lampson that he should attempt to dictate to Russia? What would he think if representatives of the brewing interest urged us not to trade with America because Uncle Sam adopted Prohibition without consulting us?

"The whole business would be laughable were it not for the seriousness of the economic issues involved. I must, however, direct an acquittal, because the accused, far from acting in restraint of trade with Russia, has unconsciously supplied the soundest reasons for its resumption."

Words Winged to Women

by MABEL HORNER

THE POISONED EDEN

Send Her Packing!

Lady Meiklett, who says she is happy to be the grandmother of nine

They study long life in America. So do we. But in the United States they do it very scientifically. They have a Life Extension Institute, whose medical director, Dr. Eugene Fisk, happens at the moment to be in London.

The other day Dr. Fisk, who has studied causes of life and death, made a terrific statement which all women, and mothers-in-law in particular, should look at with both eyes wide open. Some I know should also look at it with blushing cheeks.

Said Dr. Fisk, "Sometimes it is a mother-in-law who is causing more injury to the mental and physical health of a person than a septic tooth." A nasty statement; and all the nastier because in so many cases it is so profoundly and dreadfully true.

I have come to this conclusion through the indisputable evidence that reaches me every day. I dislike extremely the weary old music-hall jokes about mothers-in-law. But, vulgar as they may be, they are not nearly so distressing as the actual facts.

On my desk are two piles of letters. One is from mothers-in-law who themselves are very unhappy, and the other from daughters-in-law whose lives are rendered well-nigh unlivable through interference and trouble made by "his" mother.

A third heap of letters is from ardent young men who have poured out their treasure of love at the feet of "the one and only girl in the world" and had it ecstatically accepted, only to find the whole affair spurned and flouted by "her" mother, who has lofty ideas for her offspring, and apparently thinks no man quite good enough unless he happens to be a millionaire stuck with diamonds.

Wrong things first

The foolishness of this attitude is too idiotic for words. Why do women, if they happen to be the wives of successful men, expect their children to begin on a scale where the parents leave off?

If they look around they will see the divorce courts strewn with wreckage of married lives that began, not in simple love and faith, but because the girl was harried into putting money and position first.

On the other hand, a mother's objections may arise from a personal selfishness. She does not want to lose her daughter's services or the money she brings in. That is even more hateful.

Mothers of sons are often very selfish and obstinate in regard to young marriage. I have known many a young man have his whole life's happiness wrecked on the altar of a widowed mother's selfishness.

If such young men ever dared bring a girl to the house there was, afterwards, the most terrific hullabaloo.

Was the mother then to be turned out? Was she expected, at her time of life (it is always a most impossible "time of life" according to the sufferer), to turn out and earn her own living?

In the end, as I think foolishly, the too-dutiful son has given in, and, rather than see his mother moan over slightly reduced circumstances, has allowed his life's happiness to slip away from him.

Or perhaps he has feared, if he married, that he would expose his wife to the storm. Alas! that such fears should be so often justified. The mother who will not let go of her son can make herself into a dreadful tyrant to her daughter-in-law.

"My husband's mother still treats him exactly as though he were a little boy," writes one young wife. "She still looks after his clothes and buys his new things. She tells him openly that he is a fool to trust a chit like me with the spending of his money, because, of course, she regards me with the utmost contempt."

Maddening spying

Says another: "My mother-in-law watches my goings out and my comings in till I am nearly maddened with the espionage. She criticises everything I do and talks about me behind my back to my husband. Of course, she has never forgiven me for marrying him."

Other life stories reach me, showing even more acute misery. It would appear from these young women's confidences that there are mothers-in-law who actually take a keen delight in making miserable the girls their boys have married. Jealousy is, of course, the cause.

I do not deny that in the case of a woman with an only son, and especially if she is widowed, there comes a moment of sharp agony when the boy confides that she must now take second place in his life because his heart has been given to another.

The more she loves her son the harder this moment will be to live through. But if her love is of the true mother-heart it will be informed by self-sacrifice.

Happy grannies

After the first shock of realisation that her baby has become a man, willing to take a man's place in the world and assume the responsibilities of citizenship, wiser counsels will come to her help.

She will reflect that instead of losing a son she is gaining a daughter and possibly—who knows?—a number of dear grandchildren who will be the greatest joy and solace to her declining days in the years to come.

There is such happiness in being a "grannie" that it is the greatest wonder in the world that more women do not go out of their way to make life as pleasant and easy as possible for the daughter-in-law in anticipation of the happy days to come.

For in my observation it is not that the younger woman resents the older woman's advice and help. What she does object to is the dreadful tyrannical and overbearing spirit in which too often it is offered.

Homely Wisdom

GREETING THE NEW YEAR

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A FRIEND of mine, a man now getting on in years, was present with me at a happy social function the other day.

Merely for amusement a lady guest was professing to read our respective characters from our hands.

When it came to my friend's turn she said: "I see that you have had some serious trouble this year, but the New Year should be much brighter for you."

Instantly my friend stopped her with a sharp gesture and almost screamed out: "Don't tell me anything about the future; I don't want to know."

THERE was nothing really wonderful about what the lady was doing. She was not fortune-telling. She knew enough about my friend to be aware that he had suffered sad bereavement in the near past and been afflicted in other ways also. She was simply trying to say something of an encouraging and helpful nature to him.

Later on I asked him why he had allowed himself to be so upset.

"I have always had a superstition about the New Year," he said; "I dread it. There is to my mind something ominous about the greeting, A Happy New Year. When I hear it I immediately ask myself: What fresh unforeseen calamity has the coming year in store for me?"

All readers of these words will agree that they have a morbid ring. My friend is a good fellow, but strangely irrational on this one point. He has no more ground for fearing what may follow the first of January than for shrinking from to-morrow.

The date is quite arbitrary. As a matter of fact, the calendar has been twisted about a good deal in the course of history and the New Year been fixed to begin in nearly every month of the twelve.

The actual day and hour when the New Year begins is of small importance: the truly significant thing is the spirit wherewith we meet it.

TO meet it with hope and cheer is better than to meet it with fear and gloom.

The man who faces his own future with pluck and confidence helps others also. The kindly sentiment, A Happy New Year, carries more with it than the sound of the words. There is power in it.

Let no man rob you of your rights in this respect. You have the right to be strong and the right to be glad, and by being both you help the world along.

By crouching and shivering in the shadows you deprive yourself and others of the good that life offers.

The night wanes into morning, and the dawning light
Broadens, and all the shadows fade and shift;
I follow, follow, sure to meet the sun.
And confident that what the future yields
Will be the right unless myself be wrong.

You'll never Revoke
your decision once you've tried

ROYAL
The King of Blades

Give "Roya" blades a trial—then let your good judgment decide. You'll never revoke your decision to continue using the keenest durable blade. "Royals" are made by a special process from our finest silver razor steel.

Your dealer supplies them 5 for 1/6 10 for 3/-

A Presentation Pack of 'Royal' Shaving Cards in exchange for 3 empty packets of Ten 'Royal' Blades, or 6 packets of Five, sent with your name and address to THOMAS TURNER & Co. (Sheffield) Ltd. Dept. S, SHEFFIELD.
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Cuticura Heals Irritating Rash On Arms And Limbs

"I suffered for some time from an irritating rash on my arms and limbs. Parts of my body were also affected. The irritation was at times so severe as to deprive me of my sleep, my nights being spent in tossing, turning and scratching to try and obtain relief.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I washed the affected parts with Cuticura Soap and applied the Ointment at night. Almost immediately the irritation became less severe and I was able to sleep. I purchased more and in three weeks I was healed." (Signed) W. T. Coslett, 56, Hendrawen Rd., Treherbert, Glam., So. Wales.

Prevent pimples by daily use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by touches of Cuticura Ointment as needed to soothe and heal.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 2d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 2d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter-hse. Sq., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 2d.

CATARRH

To sufferers from this distressing complaint Vapo-Cresolene is the long-sought remedy. Its soothing vapour relieves the congested areas in nose, throat and chest, quickly dispersing the attack. No medicine is taken.
For nearly 50 years Vapo-Cresolene has been the drugless remedy for all bronchial and respiratory ailments, including coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, influenza, whooping cough, etc.

Vapo-Cresolene
A remedy of 50 years standing.

Sold by all Chemists. Write for descriptive booklet No. 48D to ALLEN & HANBURYS, Ltd., Lombard St., London, E.C. 3

On pages 25, 27 and 29 in this issue there appears an opportunity for readers of "John Bull" to win several cash prizes. Full details are given on each page, for which separate prizes are being awarded. State clearly the section to which your reply refers, and note the closing date, which is January 12th, 1929. Readers can send in as many attempts as they like, either in the number of replies to any one riddle, or to any number of riddles. Send in your attempt now, it may be worth money to you.

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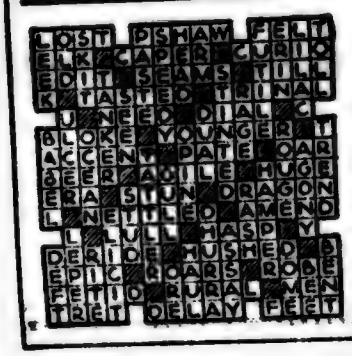
Phone: Clerkenwell 4560.

Bald Men Grow Hair

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Hellier when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (83 N.A.), London, W.1.



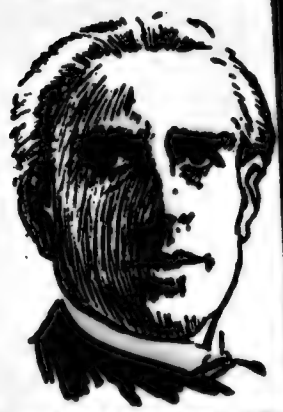
Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 30.

The Home Forum—Conducted by MABEL HORNER

ARE YOU HAPPY?

Why Not Share your Home-Life and Marriage Experience?



Dr. Harold Leeman, who writes on the science of happiness in married life

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all home-makers! This is a good wish and one not impossible of fulfilment whatever the outward circumstances may be. The most successful home-makers are those who realise that happiness is, after all, an affair of the spirit.

All over the land there are cheery women making the best of things, doing wonders in the way of housekeeping. They make and mend, contriving in all sorts of ways to make ends meet, and laughing, instead of grumbling, at their difficulties.

The "Home Forum" wants to hear from these women and wants to know of their good management.

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Home becomes miserable, for the state of feverish unrest affects everybody. The atmosphere becomes electric, with everybody's nerves on edge.

After days of this sort there is not much hope of restful nights. Mother becomes like the work man who never dared sleep soundly on Sunday nights for fear he should not be able to get up in time for his work on Monday morning.

Of course, sooner or later, the inevitable breakdown occurs, so it is wise for women to correct the fuss-and-worry habit the minute it tries to appear. No one can do this but the sufferer herself. She must take herself in hand severely.

Business methods are needed in the home just as much as in the shop or office. Difficulties can't be overcome by sighing. Worrying wastes energy.

Mrs. Fuss-and-Worry is always "dreading" something. Don't! It is so silly to exercise the mind and use up stores of strength over the things that "may happen." The present moment is usually quite livable, so why try to live in the future which may never arrive?

Every household task should be definitely planned so as to be performed with the minimum of expenditure of effort, always remembering that no home assets are so valuable as the home-maker's cheerfulness and good health.

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A man reader of the "Home Forum" complains that wives will not realise the necessity of running homes on business lines.

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Trouble arises over the expenditure of this money, which even in these hard times is sufficient to keep a small family of three from actual penury.

The wife is given £2 12s. a week to run the house; the man receives 14s. for his personal use. Out of this 14s. his wife expects him to pay any doctor's bills that may arise, repairs to boots and shoes, supply all seeds, tools, etc., for the garden and save up the fares for an annual outing.

Presently the son will leave school when the 5s. pension allowance towards his keep will cease. The wife declares she will continue to require the £2 12s. as usual as she has four other children to keep.

The trouble in this family arises from a separation of interests. Unless the husband has his food to buy away from home, it is difficult to see why he needs 14s. for personal expenditure, while his wife must pay rent, provide fire and light and keep herself, husband and five children out of the remainder.

A happier way is for a married couple to pool their money and decide together what expenditures can be afforded. To share responsibility is the best way to cure squabbling over finance.

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For Best Riddle on this Page. SECTION 1. FIRST PRIZE £10

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At the foot of each advt. below is a riddle. We will give a prize of £1/-/- for the best answer received in each case (£6 in all) and in addition a prize of £10 for the brightest answer received in the whole of this section—Section 1. RULES: Postcards only. Write clearly name and address, giving Number of advt. against each answer. Forward as many p.c.'s as you like. Choose any of the riddles. Not more than three answers on each p.c. Editor's decision to be final. Closing date, Jan. 12. Address: "Familiar Friends," Section 1, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Cash prizes will be awarded for the best answer to each riddle on this page. Select any number of riddles. There is no limit to the number of entries. Aptness and originality will count. Do not send in more than three answers on a post-card, and each post-card must contain replies relating to one section only (several post-cards can, if necessary, be forwarded in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp).

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OXO

Oxo provides the essential food-substances of Beef in concentrated form. That is why the Oxo habit makes for abundant vitality and a sound constitution.

It's Meat & Drink to you

No. 1 Why is Oxo like Radium?

Money for Coupons—Actual Cash! Buy a packet of Bandmaster to-day, you'll find it worth your while. Made from the finest Virginia Tobacco procurable, Bandmasters are one of the world's best cigarettes. AND EVERY PACKET PAYS A BIG CASH DIVIDEND.

BANDMASTER CIGARETTES Straight Cut Virginia 10 for 4d.

No. 2 Why is a Bandmaster cigarette like the Bank of England? 20 for 8d.

THE sparkling goodness of sun-ripened oranges and pure white sugar. Nothing added. Constantly tested for purity by eminent medical men.

'Golden Shred' the marmalade

ROBERTSON—only main.

No. 3 Why is 'Golden Shred' like a postage stamp?

'JIFFY' 2D. TUBE DYES

EDGES BOLTON

No. 4 Why are Jiffy Tube Dyes like Covent Garden?

The friend of all the family

A HOT BREAKFAST of Quaker Oats keeps cold out and puts energy in. Quaker gives cost health for least money. No flavour so good. Made in Canada from finest rearfooted oats. Two kinds, Quick Quaker and Quaker Oats. Two sizes, 4½d. and 9½d. (except in Irish Free State)

Quaker Oats

No. 5 Why is Quaker Oats like the sun?

"Old Folks at Home"

British Tea for British People

The choicest blend of the finest teas, MAZAWATTEE TEA is famous for its Purity, Economy and Unvarying Flavour.

Ask your grocer for a packet—TO-DAY!

Delicious Mazawattee Tea

No. 6 Why is Mazawattee Tea like a Newspaper?

ENTER THIS FREE COMPETITION!

More Riddles and More Prizes on pp. 27 & 29.

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On pages 25, 27 and 29 in this issue there appears an opportunity for readers of "John Bull" to win several cash prizes. Full details are given on each page, for which separate prizes are being awarded. State clearly the section to which your reply refers, and note the closing date, which is January 12th, 1929. Readers can send in as many attempts as they like, either in the number of replies to any one riddle, or to any number of riddles. Send in your attempt now, it may be worth money to you.

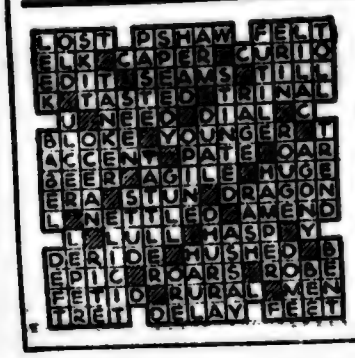
"GRAMOPHONE CRITIC"
Bumper Xmas Number Price 6d.
ON SALE EVERYWHERE
The guide to Christmas Records—giving prices, size and titles. Big PRIZE Competitions. No Entrance Fee. Gramophones and Records Given Away. Short Stories and Sketches, Illustrations, Helps and Hints, Notes for Novices—in fact all you want to know about the Gramophone. Order from your Bookstall or Newsagent. NOW READY.
The Gramophone Critic,
1 & 2 Whitefield St., Tabernacle St., E.C.2
Phone: Clerkenwell 4569.

Bald Men Grow Hair

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Heller when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (93 N.A.), London, W.1.



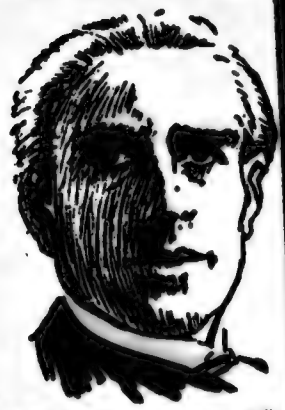
Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 30.

The Home Forum—Conducted by MABEL HORNER

ARE YOU HAPPY?

Why Not Share your Home-Life and Marriage Experience?



Dr. Harold Leeder, who writes on the science of happiness in married life

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all home-makers! This is a good wish and one not impossible of fulfilment whatever the outward circumstances may be. The most successful home-makers are those who realise that happiness is, after all, an affair of the spirit.

All over the land there are cheery women making the best of things, doing wonders in the way of housekeeping. They make and mend, contriving in all sorts of ways to make ends meet, and laughing, instead of grumbling, at their difficulties.

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THE sparkling goodness of sun-ripened oranges and pure white sugar. Nothing added. Constantly tested for purity by eminent medical men.

'Golden Shred' the marmalade

ROBERTSON—only makers

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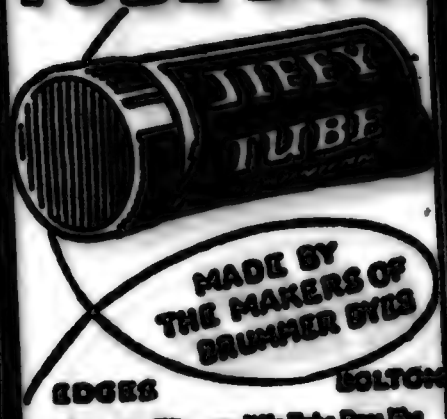
'JIFFY' 2D. TUBE DYES



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BRUMMER STIFFENERS

EDGES BOLTON

No. 4 Why are Jiffy Tube Dyes like Covent Garden?

The friend of all the family

A HOT BREAKFAST of Quaker Oats keeps cold out and puts energy in. Quaker Oats cost but little, yet are most nourishing. No fewer as cold. Made in Canada from finest rowelgrowth oats. Two kinds, Quick and Quaker Oats. Two sizes, 6d. and 9d. (Prices in Irish Free State)

Quaker Oats

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British Tea for British People

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Delicious Mazawattee Tea

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Human Documents

A TERRIFYING HANDFUL

PROBLEMS of Life that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." For the three most poignant and perplexing human documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s. and 10/6. Send your problems along to "Humanist," with stamped, addressed envelope. Names and addresses are suppressed so that the writers cannot be identified.

An Unhelpful Mate
Beaten Wife's Dilemma
Helping a Gambler

DURING the war my great chum and I shared war work and "digs," and we both were engaged to boys in the Army. Her boy was killed, leaving her an expectant mother. We stuck together still and when I married I, with my husband's consent kept the baby.

Finally, my chum met a proud man who, ignorant of her history, asked her to marry him. In terror lest he should guess the truth, she asked us formally to adopt her child. As offspring was denied to us we agreed, being fond of children.

A few years later, to our great joy, a son of our own was born, but the difference between the children, who have been brought up as brothers, is terrifying.

Our adopted son steals whatever he can lay hands on. Teachers can do nothing with him. He has threatened to pitch his little "brother" down the well, so that I am frightened to leave them alone together. What can I do with such a child, for he is turning out a born thief?

HUMANIST says: Put him on his honour, and also tell him he is baby's guardian, helping you to take care of "the little one." He will be proud to be trusted, and I have not the slightest doubt that the results of this changed method of treatment will astonish you.

Because your wish for a son of your own has been unexpectedly fulfilled you cannot shirk responsibility towards this boy you have adopted.

• • •

A Ruining Wife

MY wife drinks. I have been prosperous in business, running three small shops. It was before my second child was born that the mother, handsome and with money to spend, began running about with admirers. The child was born crippled and weak in intellect.

My nerves are being shattered by my troubles, for employees are taking advantage of my prolonged absences to rob me.

My wife has gradually become quite dissipated, but threatens self-destruction if I mention separation. I have sought counsel in many directions without result. What do you think I can do?

HUMANIST says: Your wife's threats point to her still wishing to live with you. Talk to her in her sober moments and tell her firmly that married life entails obligations as well as privileges. Her part is to pull herself together and help you to regain your lost ground.

If she feels the vice of drink has got too strong a hold, ask her if she will take a course of treatment to effect a cure. If she rejects both alternatives get a separation, for it will then be clear she is entirely worthless and will lead you to ruin.

• • •

Crooked Paths

I HAVE had a dreadful life with my husband. He is much older than I, lives idly and miserly, and I confess that because of the semi-starvation I endured, when he sent me on weekly errands to the bank I lifted about 5s. a time to keep us going.

When he found out there was a dreadful scene. He beat me and I think would have killed me had not a neighbour intervened. I managed to escape for a visit to the home of a girl friend, and here is where I wish your advice.

At my friend's house I met a widower to whom I confided my trouble. He is going abroad soon and wants me to go out to him as soon as he can send for me. Shall I go?

HUMANIST says: No. You would have no legal status whatever, and your position in a strange land might easily end in more misery than you suffer now. Your remedy for the present state of affairs is to seek a separation from your husband on the ground of persistent cruelty. He would then be compelled to pay proper maintenance.

• • •

Too Old to Dance

MOTHER is sixty-eight and appears quite indifferent to dad, who is a few years younger. Dad likes a bit of gaiety and amusement, but mother simply won't dress up and go out with him. I got a gramophone and tried to teach her fox-trotting so as to bring them together a bit, but she only laughed and said, "I don't need to jig to keep in with dad."

I daren't tell her I suspect him of seeking bright company elsewhere, nor that he has correspondence he never shows her. Should I be justified in intercepting and opening one of these letters to find out really what is going on?

HUMANIST says: Certainly not. To open another person's letters is a dishonourable action. Any interference of the kind you suggest is likely to provoke exactly the sort of trouble you are anxious to prevent. As your mother is happy as she is, let well alone.

• • •

Sick Man's Suspicions

MY husband is in a sanatorium, and gets all sorts of fancies into his head about what I am doing at home in his absence. He has even charged me with having men come to the house. There is not a word of truth in these allegations, but he has mentioned them to a friend, who has tittle-tattled them about the town.

The scandal has now reached the guardians, who are keeping me and the kiddies during my husband's absence. What on earth am I to do if they summon me before the Board?

HUMANIST says: By all means go in front of the Board and answer the questions truthfully. For the rest, I advise you to join some religious organisation in your neighbourhood. You would then spend your leisure with friends who would be able to give unimpeachable testimony to your rectitude of conduct.

• • •

Time to Turn Round

EVER since I lost mother, my best pal, things have gone wrong. Father drank, sold up his home and sent us adrift. I got work, but lost it in the general strike, and thenceforward went from bad to worse. After days and nights of hunger I got into bad company.

My chance came when a kindly friend started me on a small drapery round. Finding this out, my evil companions formed the habit of waylaying me and persuading me to have a good time by taking a few shillings out of the money collected for my master.

This man has never stamped my insurance cards, and after my day's round has set me to floor-scrubbing and cleaning out grates. But as quarter day is approaching and I must turn in the accounts I am worrying. What do you advise me to do?

HUMANIST says: You have proved yourself a weak-willed fool, so turn right round and start afresh. Make a clean breast of the whole matter to your employer and offer to repay the shortage in fixed weekly sums. This will clear the air and give you backing to keep from bad company in the future.

As for the insurance cards, you must present them to your employer each week when your wages are paid, as the obligation to stamp them rests equally upon both of you.

• • •

Foolish Kindness

MARRIED, with four children, I have been extremely happy until recently, when I began to surprise my wife in tears at odd moments. I find out that her father got into difficulties through gambling, and my wife and her mother have been borrowing money to help him out.

My wife, with her mother's connivance, has done this several times for fear her father should lose his job. Now it is preying on her so that she cannot eat, for she knows she cannot pay back. What can I do?

HUMANIST says: Do now what you should have done all along. Keep in such close touch with your wife that she will not dream of keeping secrets from you.

Find out how much she has actually made herself responsible for. Arrange to pay it off in small instalments and if the interest is ruinously high appeal to a magistrate.

Tell your mother-in-law there will be no further loans and make your wife understand that the foolishness must stop. Borrowing money to hand to a gambler is about as effective as trying to hold water in a sieve.

DEATH-BED WISHES
And a Looking Forward

AN old, old lady lies dying. Her name is 1928. And what are the thoughts behind those tired, fast-closing eyes?

Is 1928 thinking of the beauty of her springtime, and regretting that it is over? Is she wishing that her summer's flush and glow were still wrapped about her? Her autumn's radiance? Does she long to warm her cold, old hands at her winter's fire, now smouldering embers?

Oh, no! no! It is all in the course of Nature that these should come and go. They have had their trials as well as their joys. She has had her day (close on 366 of them!).

1928 is thinking very wistfully of all the sacrifices for others she might have made, and didn't; all the gifts she might have bestowed; all the blessings she might have scattered—the sweet and gracious deeds she might have done and has left undone. Now it is "Too late." And those are awful words.

But for us, thank goodness, though 1928 is breathing her last, and can never regain her lost opportunities, we can close her eyes in peace by promising to expiate the past by doing better in the future.

"It is folly to shiver over last year's snow." Our business is to go forward into a new year. The will of 1928 for us is to crowd our future days with the joy of giving.

The old year has all but stolen away, the night is departing, and the solemn dawn approaching, bringing the beauty and the hope of a new day with its golden opportunities. We are going to open our eyes wide to the needs of others.

And we are going to begin at once. We can lay a lovely wreath of holly and mistletoe on the grave of 1928, each berry representing a donation to "The Greatest of These—" Fund.

Whilst we take a joyous leap from 1928 to 1929, let us hold out a generous hand to others, who, may be, because of their struggle with poverty, do not feel much of the spring of joy about them.

By helping such as these, let us do all in our power to make the coming year a year to be proud of, and the fund a fund to be proud of, even though this may mean:

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;
And whoso suffers most hath most to give."

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the John Bull War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to The HON. SECRETARY, 91, LEAS ARM, LONDON, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

BM/CRLS, 5s.; I., V. (Surbiton), 1s.; A Friend, 6s.; Mrs. Margaret Bell, 1s.; M., S., 1s.; Deep Sea, £1; Arthur Smith (Bristol), 1s.; A Workmg Widow, 6d.; Mrs. Hannah Whitecak (Keighley), 1s.; Eva and Dad, 5s.; S. S. (Upholland), 2s.; Divine Love (Oxford), 1s.; C. Clifton, 2s. 6d.; W. O., 1s.; E. R. (Leicester), £1; Mrs. F. Upton (Canterbury), 1s.; A Symmachor, 2s.; L. E. B., (Lichfield), 6d.; Nora (Glasgow), 1d.; Anon. (Radcliffe), 2s.; A. V. Marshall (Edgemond), 2s.; Anon., 6d.; Rev., 1s.; J. R. Andrews (Stowmarket), 6d.; Tone, 6d.; S. S. F. W. H. C. White (Sefton Park), 10s.; L. W., 1s. 6d.; The Alkham, 1s.; A. K. (Hove), 2s. 6d.; A Sympathiser, 2s. 6d.; Mr. C. Miller (Leith), 5s.; Anon. (Bristol), 15s.; J. and M. Combe, £1; Timothy Tadpole, £5; E. Howes (Plaistow), 5s.; Mary, 5s.; Jim (Leicester), 1s.; E. B. Bolton, 6d.; Do Unto Others, £3 10s.; Plymouth, 1s.; Fit R.A.S.C. M.T. No. 327643, 2s.; Silence (Grafty Green), 5s.; Sympathiser (Carnforth), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; E. J., 10s.; "Y," 6d.; Mrs. E. Thorpe, 2s.; Mrs. E. A. Kerswell, 5s.; Mr. C. Hartwick, 2s. 6d.; Something to Help, £1; M. M., 5s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; E. K. (Shanklin), 1s.; Penge, 2s. 6d.; W. J. H., £1; "Artist and Lisa, 4s. 6d.; Annie (Crowboro'), 2s. 6d.; A. D., 5s. 6d.; T. W. Fanfield, 2s. 6d.; W. M. (Norfolk), 5s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

SECTION 2

'FAMILIAR FRIENDS'

For Best Riddle on this Page. SECTION 2. FIRST PRIZE £10

SIX PRIZES OF £1-1-0 EACH For Best Riddle in Each Section on this Page.

At the foot of each advt. below is a riddle. We will give a prize of 21/- for the best answer received in each case (six in all) and in addition a prize of £10 for the brightest answer received in the whole of this section—Section 2. RULES: Postcards only. Write clearly name and address, giving Number of advt. against each answer. Forward as many p.c.'s as you like. Choose any of the riddles. Not more than three answers on each p.c. Editor's decision to be final. Closing date, Jan. 12. *Address:* "Familiar Friends." Section 2. JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Cash prizes will be awarded for the best answer to each riddle on this page. Select any number of riddles. There is no limit to the number of entries. Aptness and originality will count. Do not send in more than three answers on a post-card, and each post-card must contain replies relating to one section only (several post-cards can, if necessary, be forwarded in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp).

Remember—the first prize of £10 for the best answer in this section—Section 2—and 6 prizes of one guinea each for the best answers in each section on this page must be won.

Another section and more prizes appear on pages 25 & 29

Price 6d. per tablet. *Famous all over the world.*

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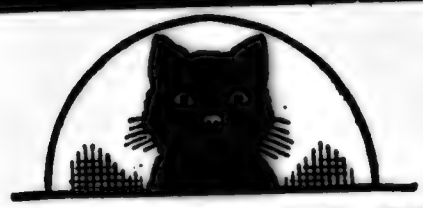

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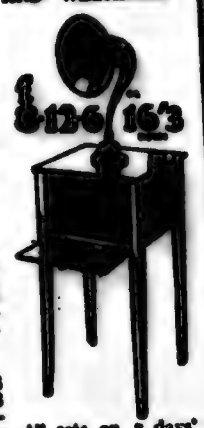

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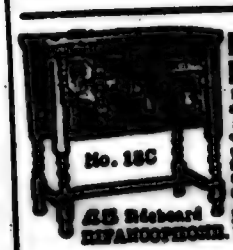

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Our Letter Parliament

My NEW YEAR'S *RESOLUTION*

AS one of the newly enfranchised young women, I shall make it my New Year's resolution to endeavour to fulfil the responsibilities of citizenship. Although just an ordinary girl, I realise that I am one of the millions who make up the great British public, and, in view of the fact that the next year will see a General Election, I intend to get well informed on all questions of national and international policy, so that I may use my vote wisely. They say "Everybody's business is nobody's business"—I mean to make it mine during 1929.—*E. Baker, Lozells, Birmingham.*

Keeping the Twinkle

Two things I fear—getting sour and getting stodgy. It is not easy for persons who are growing old to avoid such manifestations. So my New Year resolution is that I will endeavour to atone for any lack of sugar within my mental or moral make-up by making the lives of other persons sweet, and to lighten the atmosphere and thought of others by an attempt to keep alight the twinkle in my ageing eyes and heart.—*Octogenarian, London.*

Displace Distrust

Some time ago a friend was accused of a mean offence. Circumstantial evidence was overwhelmingly against him, and, despite his vehement protests, he became a social outcast. The frailties of human kindness were apparent even in my case, and I also turned against him. My friend died last week, but not before his innocence was completely established. Bitter remorse has compelled me to rigidly adhere to at least one New Year's resolution, that of "never letting suspicion and distrust displace wholesome friendship and faith in human nature."—*Dafydd, Cwm, Rh ndda.*

None Wholly Bad

To one approaching old age, the days of orthodox resolutions are past. I drink, moderately, and like it; I smoke, immoderately, and it does me good; I swear, mildly and in private, and it relieves me. So these I pass by; they concern resolutions that have been tried and failed. But one resolution I shall make, and that is to think and speak more kindly and tolerantly of my fellowmen, for the longer I live the more I realise that there is good in the worst of us.—*Sixty-eight, Battersea.*

No More Worry

My husband and I have been married just two years. We have a lovely little home. My husband is one of the best. My only difficulty is dress. To satisfy my love of pretty clothes, I borrowed from my husband's savings, meaning next week to return it. Next week came, so did bills, expenses, etc. I went through weeks of worry and care, in case my husband should discover what I had done. Eventually I did return the money, but I resolved for the future to wait for pretty clothes, not to deceive my husband in any way to get them.—*B., Poole.*

Peace Resolve

Individual resolutions are of secondary importance. A national or an international resolution is of infinitely more importance, and I hope that the nations of the world will resolve to carry much further the will to peace inherent in the common people. My only New Year resolution is to put more energy into that ideal, the brotherhood of mankind.—*R. J. H., New Seaham.*

Miners' Flag-Day
A Fish "Catch"
Our Wonderful Law

Fairy Belief

My New Year resolution is to cultivate a belief in fairies, gnomes, dwarfs, genii and similar mythological personages. This I shall do as a protest against the modern habit of decrying everything that is intangible and unseen, and attempting to pull down, undermine, or destroy by other methods, cherished beliefs and fancies which, however fantastic, do contribute to happiness in childhood and pleasing illusion as one grows up.—*Gnostic, Middlesex.*

Sticking It

As one of the army of workless, and finding it a hard job getting one, the appeal of New Year resolutions hardly blend. Imagine nearly 5,000 applicants turning up for work requiring three men. Many had tramped ten to fifteen miles. Many of us are finding the trials of the war anew in this industrial strife. What can resolutions mean to us? Well, mine is to strive all the more. Its moral effect "prevents that sinking feeling"; also I will stick closer to a great old friend.—*Tenacity, Salford.*

Worthy Ambition

My New Year's resolution is that my wife and kiddies shall have a holiday by the sea next August. It is several years since we have been able to afford a holiday at August. The extent of our holiday travels is generally a day or two in the nearest park, but this year it is going to be different. I shall give up smoking, the occasional drink will be wiped out, papers will be cut down (excepting JOHN BULL), and my wife and kiddies will realise one of their greatest ambitions, a fortnight by the sea. Surely any sacrifice is worth making for the sake of a good wife and children.—*X. Y., Birmingham.*

Something to Forget

I have resolved to make life brighter for myself and others by the practical procedure of getting rid of old-standing dyspepsia. There is nothing high-falutin' about this, but it has a merit which few New Year resolutions have—I shall not be permitted to forget it while the trouble persists. On the other hand, I have no doubt that those in close contact with me will be only too glad to forget it!—*W. Lamb, Wimbledon.*

A Good Catch

As an example of what direct trading and co-operation mean, the following would be hard to beat. The Belfast Ropework Company makes fishing-nets, tackle, etc., for the Consolidated Fisheries, Ltd., of Grimsby, which, in turn, sends fish back (neatly packed in bags) to be sold to the Ropework employees. This meant the employing of more netters. And here's the "catch." The fish coming direct costs only 6½d. per lb., whereas the shops are retailing the same kind of fish at 1s. 2d. per lb., a real dig at the cost of living.—*Netter, Belfast.*

* * *

Have a jolly Christmas all over again by reading the "John Bull" Xmas Annual, 68 pages for 6d.

When the Unexpected Happened

ORIGINAL letters on this subject, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament."

We will also pay £1 1s. each week for the best suggestion for the topic for the next week's "Letter Parliament."

Mrs. J. Chalmers, 21, Osborne Street, Sunderland, wins the guinea this week for the suggestion above.

Potato Profits

Farmers in the West Riding are reported to be receiving £3 a ton from the wholesale dealers for their potatoes, which are sold by retailers at £14 a ton. Most of the difference of £11 goes not to the retailers, but to commission-agents, who never see or handle the produce. Why cannot the farmers of West Riding and other parts of the country follow the example of the North of Scotland farmers and establish buying and selling agencies on co-operative lines and thus cut out the parasitic middle-men who are battening on the food of the poor?—*Agricola, Scotland.*

The Law *is* a Ass

As the law stands, no man may be indicted for losing the whole of his week's wages to a bookmaker on a racecourse, though his wife and children need. A man may be indicted who, with sixpence of his pocket-money, makes a bet with a bookmaker in his locality. A poor man, owing to sickness, finds himself in debt; for non-payment, if summoned, he can be thrown into prison. A rich man finds himself in debt, after wasting money in extravagance; he merely files a petition in bankruptcy.—*C. L. Derry, Dorset.*

Cruelty Avenged

A man living in our street made it his hobby to keep pigeons. A cat went to his garden and killed one of them. He ran after the animal and caught it, and dashed it against the wall until every bone was broken. He went to work the next day as a quarryman, and had not been working ten minutes before he had his eyes blown out. Does God sleep?—*W. Thomas, Swansea.*

Miners' Flag-day

We have flag-days for so many things. Would it not be possible to arrange a flag-day for miners, all over England, and with the money so obtained open soup-kitchens in the distressed districts, to ensure one warm meal a day at least? Surely no working man or woman would refuse their pence if it was made easy for them to give it.—*Caroline Vinten, Maidstone.*

* * *

Points from Letters

The greatest injustices of this old world of ours are caused simply through lack of understanding.—*J. R., Hants.*

A cheerful smile goes a long way sometimes.—*D. M., Leyton.*

"Never ask advice from friends and acquaintances" is going to be my resolution.—*N. T., Nuneaton.*

My resolutions of bygone years have been too good to last.—*R. T., Dover.*

I know that most women cannot tolerate leaders of their own sex, and I simply cannot imagine men sitting meekly at the feet of a woman preacher!—*I. L., Liverpool.*

Had I kept all my resolutions I would by now have been wearing a halo and thrumming on a harp.—*T., Banff.*

SECTION 3

'FAMILIAR FRIENDS'

For Best Riddle on this Page. SECTION 3. FIRST PRIZE £10

SIX PRIZES OF £1-1-0 EACH For Best Riddle in Each Section on this Page.

At the foot of each advt. below is a riddle. We will give a prize of 21/- for the best answer received in each case (six in all) and in addition a prize of £10 for the brightest answer received in the whole of this section—Section 3. RULES: Postcards only. Write clearly name and address, giving Number of advt. against each answer. Forward as many p.c.'s as you like. Choose any of the riddles. Not more than three answers on each p.c. Editor's decision to be final. Closing date, Jan. 12. *Address: "Familiar Friends," Section 3, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).*

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Remember—the first prize of £10 for the best answer in this section—Section 3—and 6 prizes of one guinea each for the best answers in each section on this page must be won.

Another section and more prizes appear on pages 25 & 27

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No. 1 Why is a Colvern Coil like Santa Claus?

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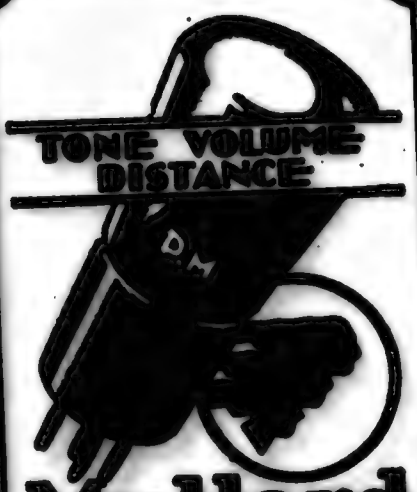

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TOO MANY SCRAPPED MEETINGS

Racecourse Companies Safeguarded by Insurance

FROST and fog, National Hunt's worst enemies, are up to their little tricks again, but it is to be hoped that they will not try to go one better than last season, when over twenty days' racing was abandoned.

THE people who suffer most are the jockeys, who, of course, lose their riding fees, employees on the courses and the caterers. Most racecourse executives cover themselves nowadays by insuring against abandoned meetings, and here and there they seem to grasp the opportunity to call off a fixture. No doubt they argue that it is wiser to cut their losses this way.

THE policy is not sporting and, all said and done, the provincial racecourse companies do not stand to lose much. I worked out the fixtures for a recent meeting. After deducting the fees paid by owners for entering their horses on the first day, the executive stood to pay out in stake money on the six races about £270. On top of this, they would have to pay course employees and advertising expenses. £400 seemed adequate to cover the bill.

"REGULARS" who follow the meetings, penciliers and their clerks, and a minimum attendance would provide this sum. A certain amount of revenue comes from the sale of race-cards, and with two selling events on the programme there is always the possibility of a surplus for the racecourse company from the horses auctioned. Executives who are afraid to risk a loss should not apply for dates.

BALD announcements given to the Press that the Clerk of the Course inspected the racecourse and decided that racing was impossible are also unsatisfactory. According to the Rules of National Hunt Racing the power to abandon a meeting does not rest with the Clerk of the Course. Two Stewards must sign a certificate that it is impossible to carry out a programme, or one Steward and the Clerk of the Course.

IT is general knowledge that a fixture of two or three days which is interfered with by the weather is seldom a success, but the Rules of National Hunt Racing do not permit the local Stewards to abandon the meeting outright. If it is a two-day affair the second day must be abandoned and the first day postponed and carried forward.

THESE regulations are sound, but I am looking forward to the time when Headquarters appoints an inspector of courses, who, alone, will have power to decide whether racing is possible or otherwise. I think it will save the racing public many disappointments.

MY notes on the "Tote" and the tax in other countries have brought me a number of interesting letters, the best of which comes from a Britisher in Germany, where a deduction of 16 per cent. is in force. My correspondent tells me that the bulk of this deduction is spent on the comfort of visitors to the courses.

IN Germany they adopt the Ascot principle of supplying visitors to the enclosures with badges which must be worn. Each enclosure has a badge of a different colour, and the paddock is open to all, even those in the silver rings. Silk-hatted stewards are in attendance to see that on their return visitors go to the stands and enclosures according to the colour of their badges.

THEY also employ the camera, and it saves all disputes as to whether the judge has made a mistake. If there are two horses concerned in a tight finish, or several bunched together, the result is not announced until the course photographer has developed and printed his photo of the finish.

AS a rule this is only a matter of a few minutes. The photograph is displayed for all to see, the numbers go up, and the machine pays out. This is a Turf reform I have advocated on several occasions, but we muddle through in our conservative fashion, and never a season passes without the judge's decision being doubted.

ONE of the greatest drawbacks of the winter game is the lack of big races. The "Sefton" takes place in November, and then there is a gap until the New Year, when Manchester's big events, the Victory 'Chase and the Victory Hurdle, are decided.

Tom Leader, the Newmarket trainer

I DO not intend to give selections in my notes in future, as I can rely on the code, but as these are two plums of the campaign I may be forgiven for breaking the resolution, particularly if the tips come off. I suggest a little each way on Tom Leader's pair, Gregalach and Desert Chief. Ted Leader will ride.

THE Lincolnshire Handicap entries are a pleasant little gift for Christmas and the New Year, but I advise backers not to meddle with them until the weights and acceptances appear. If you plunge in the dark, the bookmaker's rule in ante-post bets, "all in, run or not," will probably enable him to pocket your money.

WHERE did those horses you backed last season finish? The famous little Red Form Book—*The Sporting Life* Annual Summary of Past Racing—will tell you at a glance. The little Red Form Book, now on sale, includes complete returns of flat racing and steeplechasing, together with pedigrees, from November 28, 1927, to November 24, 1928.

IT also contains a complete list of trainers and jockeys, winners of great races, and a mine of other information useful for the present jumping season and the coming flat campaign. You can obtain a copy at any newsagent or bookstall, for 3s., or from the Publisher, *The Sporting Life*, 222-225, Strand, London, W.C.2, for 3s. 4d., post free.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in *The Sporting Life*.

2 H I F U Y N E J I P B 3 G Q

M R L A K C T W Z V X S O D

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line as the case may be.

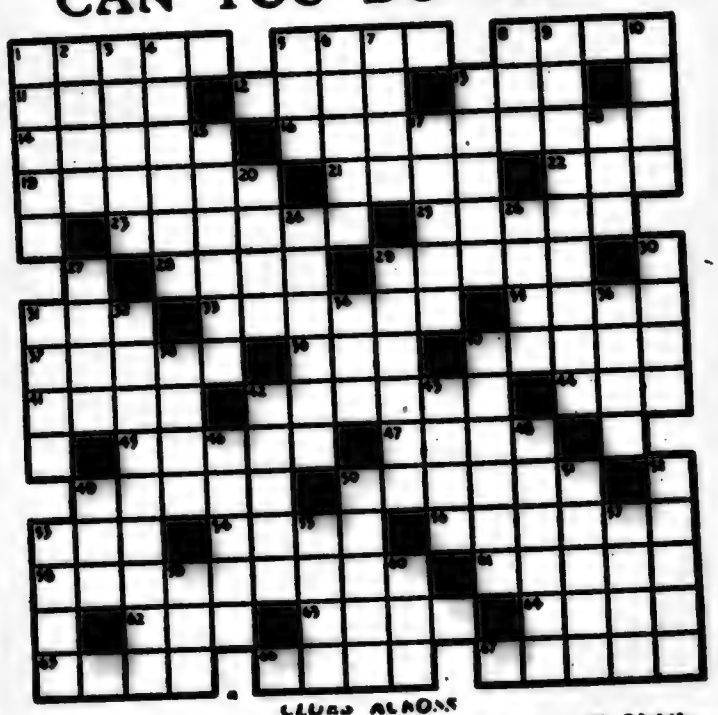
RUHVZBE would read HARPIST.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, Dec. 26, to Tuesday, Jan. 1.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily, sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. Don't miss them.

Our Cross-Word Corner

CAN YOU DO THIS?



CLUES ALONE

1. Long for.
5. Highest point.
8. Rope fibre.
11. Cavity.
12. Conflagration.
13. Male sheep.
14. To improve.
16. Damage.
19. Grain plant.
21. Origin.
22. Regret.
23. Occupies.
25. To pretend.
26. Vulgar.
29. Widow's right.
31. A plan.
33. Improve
35. Single.
37. Quick.
39. Female bird.
40. To become liable to.
41. Lowest point.
42. Generic name for jelly-fish.
44. Before.
45. Mineralised resin.
47. Exclamation of derision.
49. Compass.
50. Remorse.
53. A pair.
54. Persian fairy.
56. Lightly.
58. To number.
61. Red wood.
62. Inclination of the head.
63. Calf's flesh.
64. A title.
65. Latin for "whole."
66. Compass point.
67. Associated with Troy.

CLUES DOWN

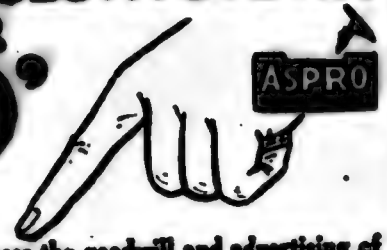
1. Stop.
2. Italian capital.
3. On the *qui vive*.
4. Outward show.
5. Assistance.
6. Summit.
7. To measure.
8. Cured pork.
9. Act of emerging.
10. Top of the head.
13. Addition to verdict.
15. Continental river.
17. To attribute.
18. Religious female.
20. Loaded.
24. Lower.
26. A god.
27. Back of the neck.
28. Manner of possessing.
30. Cow-house.
31. A labyrinth.
32. Chief.
34. To turn hay.
36. Entice.
38. Crest of a cock's head.
40. Relating to medicine.
42. A measure.
43. Scandinavian legend.
46. Two-footed animal.
48. Calm.
49. Beard of corn.
50. Ceremony.
51. Pertaining to sea flow.
52. A booter.
53. Portable shelter.
55. To be delirious.
57. Crippled.
59. Low of a cow.
60. Consume.

Line your pockets in the New Year! Enter for "The People" Fair and Square £500 "Crossword."

The solution of our last week's puzzle will be found on page 24.

"YOU WICKED OLD MAN!"

HUMOROUS INCIDENT IN SHOP OF A TRADER WHO TRIED TO SUBSTITUTE AN IMITATION FOR 'ASPRO'



In many industries the minority voice of a foreign element exists which endeavours to injure the prestige of British products. It uses the goodwill and advertising of the British manufacturers to palm off imitations of the genuine product. The following humorous incident which illustrates the point recently occurred. A lady visited the shop of a member of the element mentioned above. She asked for a packet of 'ASPRO.' The assistant tried to put her off and to persuade her to purchase an imitation. He used all sorts of arguments and persuasive methods to switch her from 'ASPRO' to the substitute. The lady, however, saw through his camouflage, and said: "You wicked old man, I have heard of people like you before. I asked for 'ASPRO' and I want it." WHAT'S MORE, SHE GOT IT. We must on this incident because there is unfortunately a number of traders who do substitute. They are the well-known plagiaristic type who, like parasites, live for the time being on the success of others. All their actions are prompted by definite motives either for their own selfish ends or a direct incentive to injure and destroy by mis-statement.

EVERY CHEMIST WHO STANDS FOR PURITY-SAFETY-QUICK RESULTS AND BRITISH PRODUCED GOODS STOCKS, SELLS & PUSHES 'ASPRO'

HERE ARE SOME of the LEADING CHEMISTS WHO STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO':

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd.
Taylors Drug Co. Ltd.
Timothy Whites
Squire & Co. (Sloane Street)
Needhams, Etc. [Ltd.

95% of the chemists of England are All-British. They stand for an article that is pure, safe and quick in action. They do not substitute. There are very simple tests which can prove the efficacy of 'ASPRO' over its imitations. Testimony from physicians, analysts, doctors, dentists, nurses, chemists and last but not least, the demonstration of users, all testify to the wonderful efficacy of 'ASPRO' and give the reasons for its great success and why 'ASPRO' has become the master medicine of the world, helping all, soothing the pains of millions, stopping or discovering the causes of numerous complaints owing to the fact that, after ingestion in the system, 'ASPRO' is anti-pyretic, anti-periodic, anti-fermentative, an internal antiseptic, a solvent of Uric Acid and a powerful germicide.

Self and Patient" Nurse C., of Regent's Park, has used 'ASPRO' for her patients with excellent results. When threatened with serious illness herself 'ASPRO' checked it.

Influenza Stopped Mrs. F. P. writes to say that a doctor told her that 'ASPRO' would shift 'Flu out in 24 hours and she proved that he was right. Never tired of telling her friends about it.

Try 'ASPRO' for

1. It stops violent headaches in 3 to 10 minutes.
2. It brings sweet sleep to the sleepless.
3. It relieves rheumatism in one night.
4. It relieves children's growing pains.
5. It saves many a sound tooth by removing toothache.
6. It brings relief without causing sickness, indigestion or a craving.
7. It stops pain without harming the heart.
8. It soothes away irritability.
9. A hot lemon drink and two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in one night.
10. It reduces temperature in 5 minutes.
11. It can be taken any time, in Tram, Train, at Home, at Business—anywhere—everywhere.
12. It is so safe a child can take it.
13. It is the greatest help for women every month while ever known.
14. It stops the after-effects of alcohol.

6d. 1/3 & 2/6 PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equal best to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: GOLLIN & Co. Pty. Ltd. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS
Telephone: SLOUGH 608

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Only Naturally MATURED VIRGINIA TOBACCO goes into

Smash that Tobacco Drying Pan, said our Managing Director. Never again will I have our good tobacco spoilt by roasting it. I will be able to say, truthfully, to the smoking public that the tobacco we use in

Navy Club
VIRGINIA
CIGARETTES

is naturally matured

Only ripe leaves are picked from the plant, and none of these are used before being completely matured

IN NATURE'S OWN WAY.

For two years experts, under the supervision of the Managing Director, have carried out tests in the blending of the choicest tobaccos. The culmination of their efforts has resulted in the production of these Cigarettes.

ASK YOUR TOBACCONIST FOR A TRIAL PACKET TO-DAY.

Should he not yet stock Navy Club Cigarettes you can order by post from us direct. 2/6 for 50; 5/- for 100.

Free a 5/- silver plated EVERSHARP Pencil

As a special introductory offer we are giving **FREE an EVERSHARP Silver-Plated PENCIL** in exchange for 25 flaps from 1s. packets or 50 from 6d. packets of Navy Club Cigarettes. These are genuine "Eversharp" Pencils as sold everywhere at 5s. each. No advertisement on these Pencils. Only one pencil will be given to each Smoker.

Collect your packet flaps, cut out the coupon from this advertisement and post as directed.

Please state the style of pencil required, either Gent's size (with clip only) 5 inches long, or Ladies' size (with clip or with ring at top) 4 inches long.

CUT OUT NOW

Post this to
L. & J. FABIAN (Dept. C.B.3), 74, New Bond Street, London, W.1.
(Branch of the General Tobacco Co., Ltd.)

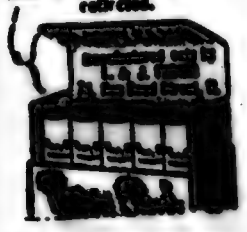
I enclose 25 flaps from 1/- (or 50 from 6d.) packets of Navy Club Cigarettes, in return for which please send me the 5s. Silver-plated "Eversharp" Pencil carrying the full guarantee of the World Eversharp Co. I have not previously availed myself of this offer.

STYLE OF PENCIL.....

NAME .....

FULL ADDRESS.....

This is the box flap to be returned.



Water is hard in some places – soft in others but –

Someone has found a good word to say for Manchester—it's the shaver's paradise! Water soft—lather easy. Manchester men say you only want a new Gillette for the coolest, smoothest, cleanest shave in the world.

In Glasgow, where the water's soft, Gillette blades have a smooth and easy time. And Glasgow men get a smooth and easy shave. But at Brighton, where the water's hard, men say there's no need to go to Glasgow for a comfortable shave—if you use a Gillette!

London men are not so lucky. Hard water—lather difficult. But London men have found the way to have a good shave too—they always slip a Gillette blade into the razor. There's a keen cutting, well-tempered edge on every Gillette that makes light work of the stiffest beards.

A Gillette blade is as good where water is hard as where it is soft. It's a blade with a job to do—and it does it well, no matter where you live. That's why you can buy a Gillette blade in every town in the British Isles.

– that doesn't matter if you use

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR LTD., 184/188, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1.

JOHN BULL Replies

Our Free Advice Service: *There is one New Year's resolution that will prove distinctly profitable to you. Make up your mind to send to* JOHN BULL'S *Free Advice Service particulars of that trouble that causes the coming of the New Year to be simply a time of dread. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and the way to freedom from anxiety will be pointed out to you by a competent staff of experts.*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

L. A. (Blackpool).—"So I sat tight where I was." Couldn't you stand?

J. S. (Chorley Wood).—"We went carol singing in a motor-car." Cowards!

C. Y. (Chenies).—"The house I bought worries me." Let it.

T. B. (Hammersmith).—"Don't under-estimate my abilities." It's not possible.

F. N. (Burnt Oak).—"What does C.I.D. mean?" Clues Investigated Daily.

L. N. (Andover).—"I am going to live in the Scilly Islands." How appropriate!

L. A. (Manchester).—"I have got a stiff neck." Some girl has been turning your head.

C. R. (Streatham).—"My wife has sprained her thumb." Is it the one she keeps you under?

J. T. (Buxton). — "What do cricketers do when they retire?" Just go on writing.

J. A. (Bearsden).—"I'm off to Africa to shoot big game." Well, drop us a lion occasionally.

D. N. (Partick).—"I have made up my mind to marry a particular girl." She can't be so very particular.

Ex (Kentish Town).—"I had a clinking time in the Army." Do you mean you were always in clink?

G. N. (Edgware).—"I am knocking at the door of Opportunity." There's a bell marked "Push."

C. R. (Buxton).—"If you don't like this article sling it into the waste-paper basket." It has been slung.

J. D. (Glasgow).—"I'm sure Englishmen would look bonny in the kilt." Some would look bony.

TAFFY (Cardiff).—"Look you, I know it all, whatever." Yes; perhaps you do, we shouldn't wonder.

T. C. (Enfield):—"There is a lot of skill in whist." But a good deal depends on a good deal.

A. B. (Gosport).—"I am tired of writing to you." We have been hoping against hope that you would be.

G. D. (Paddington).—"I am afraid I am boring you." You have uncannily accurate intuition.

C. R. (Colchester).—"Baby boys learn to talk quicker than girls." But the latter soon catch up.

G. N. (Victoria).—"She said that her mother objected to kissing." Did you want to kiss her mother?

T. B. (Cowes).—"He looked at me and then laughed." He evidently has a keen sense of the grotesque.

L. B. (Boston Manor).—"I sent one of the new £1 notes to an Aberdeen friend." Now it has a permanent home.

J. B. (Nelson).—"He has lovely black eyes." Natural or acquired?

G. P. (Bristol).—"I always try to be myself." Have you no ambition?

N. D. (Shepperton).—"Lose no time in reading this article." We won't.

PANSY (London, W.).—"I am a film actress and unmarried." How many times?

G. N. (Hendon).—"I am a man worth watching." Do the police know?

L. B. (Gateshead).—"One can get a lot of enjoyment out of a taxi ride." But two can get more.

E. L. (Sevenoaks).—"I held a succession of lovely hands at the whist drive." You sheik!

L. P. (Durham).—"When boxing, he loses his head, and won't take advice." Seconds thoughts are best.

H. N. (Poplar).—"I won't call on you when you are busy." Then you won't call at all.

N. P. (Harrow).—"No stone was left unturned to provide a good concert." Was any turn left unstoned?

T. P. (Gresham).—"I know which side my bread is buttered." Of course. It's the side that always hits the floor.

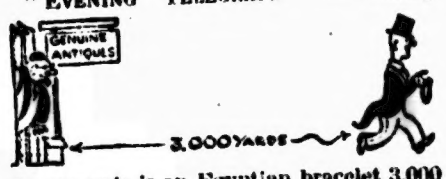
J. C. (Nelson).—"My wife can't cook, but she *can* play the piano." But a Chopin nocturne is not a very substantial breakfast.

C. N. (Chelsea).—"My business is now embracing the majority of the housewives of the district." What do their husbands say?

Printers' Pie

[Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."]

"EVENING TELEGRAPH":—"Among the presents is an Egyptian bracelet 3,000 YARDS OLD."



"EVENING STANDARD":—"The gateway is much more imposing than the house and CONTAINS ABOUT FIFTY ROOMS."

"EVESHAM JOURNAL":—"There were several road accidents during the week-end, BUT UNFORTUNATELY MOST OF THEM WERE NOT OF A SERIOUS NATURE."

"BOSTON GUARDIAN":—"The centre of activities was . . . and on Saturday afternoon GAMES AND SPORTS WERE HELD ON SUNDAY."

"CHISWICK TIMES" (Advt.):—"Required Jeweller's Assistant; young lady; SMALL FAMILY TO COMMENCE WITH."

"MOTOR CYCLING" (Advt.):—"Motor Cycles for sale. Send for SHOP-SOILED LIST of new motor-cycles."

P. J. (Malvern).—"She threw herself at him." Was he a good catch?

L. J. (Leeds).—"There is no popular tax." Except the one that the other man pays.

P. P. (Selby).—"What reward can I expect for all my kindness?" The reward of a happy conscience.

M. W. (Dinton).—"I'm a bill-poster." We don't mind so long as you don't post any to us.

C. D. (Daventry).—"What do you think of the new £1 and 10s. notes?" We prefer the former.

MRS. M. (Clifton).—"Women are naturally imitative." Then why don't they choose better models?

MRS. O. (Liverpool).—"At least I try to be a lady." Which rather looks as though you weren't.

F. T. (Coniston).—"I want a little light on the subject of marriage." You'll get it best by reflection.

G. E. (Canterbury).—"He laughs best who laughs last." And he usually laughs longest who told the joke.

N. K. (Newquay).—"There's too much love in fiction." And also too much fiction in love.

C.A. (Coventry).—"My wife says some nice things about my *Bullets*." Win a New Year Hamper and let her taste some.

F. M. (London, W.).—"I always refuse to do my son's homework for him." Of course. It wouldn't be right.

T. N. (Paisley).—"Of recent years I have pushed my way to the front." Perhaps you eat too much and exercise too little.

S. N. (London, N.).—"Half way through my speech in the park the crowd melted away." It was evidently opening time.

G. P. (Glasgow).—"Do you know why I write on both sides of the paper?" Because that's all the sides there are.

R. D. (Elstree).—"At the restaurant he threw the cruet at two members of the staff." Pouring oil on troubled waiters.

N. L. (Cardiff).—"He always looks miserable." Perhaps he's the original of the "before taking" man in the advertisements.

D. N. (Kingston).—"Salmon were once fished in the Thames." And during the summer many crabs are still caught in the river.

MODISTE (Maida Vale).—"There is much ill-feeling amongst rival designers of feminine lingerie." We understand that the undieworld is seething with bickers about bockers.

H. N. (London, E.).—"Some funny people want to be M.P.s." Yes, there will be some standing jokes at the General Election.

T. A. (London, N.).—"My train came in as I went on the platform." Did you turn the other passengers off your train?

S. N. (Godstone).—"Nowadays almost everything can be bought on the instalment plan." That's how we are still paying for the war.

N. D. (Preston).—"My husband is an inventor." Most husbands have to think of something when they come home late.

GRETA (Norwich).—"I sit alone with unspoken thoughts." But not, we trust, because they are unspeakable.

H. M. (Chertsey).—"Seeing is believing." But there are lots of people we see whom we don't believe.

W. T. (Gosport).—"I've saved up enough to live at the rate of two thousand a year." For how long?

T. V. (Bow).—"I must be up and doing." That's certainly better than being down and done.

A. B. (London, W.).—"I rang the bell for the waitress." And what did you do then? Ring the bell for the waitress?

B. R. (St. Albans).—"British politics are clean." So they should be considering the amount of soft soap used when an election is near.

M. B. (London, S.):—"I am thinking out a surprise for my friends." That you are thinking at all should surprise them.

F. N. (Burnt Oak).—"I have written an awful lot of letters to you." Yes, they were. But seeing it's Christmas time, all is forgiven.

E. N. (Willesden).—"She is engaged at last and to such a funny little man." But we expect that a lot of big ones just got away.

S. W. (Newhaven).—"They'll be marrying over the telephone next." Quite likely. A lot of people seem to be engaged.

Many replies unavoidably held over

Its flavour wins favour

Order HOVIS as a change and before very long you'll eat it as a habit. The delicious "wheaty" flavour makes it a treat to eat. And nutrition is beyond question.

HŌVIS
(Trade Mark)

Best Bakers Bake It.

HOVIS LTD., LONDON, BRISTOL, MACCLESFIELD, ETC.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

445 !

445 more claims for JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE

Owing to lack of space we can give the names of a few only who benefit this week:

FIRE—up to £400.

GRIMSBY.—Mr. F. G. WHITE, 396, Cleethorpes Road. E. DEREHAM, NORFOLK.—Mrs. R. HALL, 22, Toftwood. ABERDARE.—Mr. S. JOHNSON, 14, Main St., Gresgnaire. NORWICH.—Mr. WM. LAST, Mundham Commons, Brooke. NEWBRIDGE, MON.—Mrs. I. WILLIAMS, 19, Bleen Rodau St. BANWELL, SOM.—Mr. J. HARRIS, West St. ILFRACOMBE, DEVON.—Mrs. E. M. ABELL, 10, Coppell Houses. MORRISTON, SWANSEA.—Mr. J. MEARS, Talbot's Terrace, Penrice St. WOODBRIDGE, SUFFOLK.—Mrs. R. E. NORRIS, 7, Mill Lane. KILGETTY, PEM.—Mr. S. REES, Old Post Office. Bagnby, CASTERBURY.—Mrs. E. PERRY, 9, The Borough. PENYDARREN, MERTHYR.—Mrs. M. SHEA, 11, Evans Row. GLASGOW.—Mrs. J. HENDRY, 32, St. Clair St. LLANGADOCK.—Mr. J. H. CLAYTON, Van Poole Villa, L'anddeusant. WOKING.—Mrs. H. FULLER, 3, Arnold Rd., Maybury. MANCHESTER.—Mrs. M. SEVILLE, 25, Heelis St., Collyhurst. FRASERBURGH, N.B.—Mr. JOHN LEVENSTONE, 107, High St. MOTHERWELL, N.B.—Mrs. M. VALENTE, 285, Bothhill Rd. NORWICH. Mr. BOLTON.—Mr. T. R. HAZLEHURST, 54, George St. STROUD.—Mr. D. GARDINER, Y.M.C.A., Chalford Hill. LEYTON, E.10.—Mrs. S. DAWSON, 51, Sidmouth Rd.

SICKNESS—£5.5s.

CHADWELL HEATH.—Mr. and Mrs. E. EDWARDS (5s. 5s. each), 132, Camden Cres. LURGAN, CO. ARMAGH.—Mrs. S. LUNN, 38, Ann St. LLANISHEN.—Mr. T. J. SLAMIN, "Llesaldo," Heath Park Rd. HASTINGS.—Mrs. M. BARNES, 6, High St. DARLINGTON.—Mrs. EVA SMITH, 69, Eastbourne Rd. JARROW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. F. JOYCE, 8, Newmarch St. CASTLEFORD.—Mrs. A. ROUNDS, 16, Sykes St., off Carlton St. EDINBURGH.—Mrs. P. E. WARE, 8, Lodge Green Rd. ALVA, CLACKMANNANSHIRE.—Mr. W. THOMSON, 71, Johnstone St. PRINCES RISBOROUGH.—Mr. W. A. E. JARMAN, Parkfield. FORDINGTON, DORCHESTER.—Mrs. L. MOSLEY, 24, St. George's Rd. BLANDFORD.—Mr. R. FREAKE, The Laundry, Bryanstone. NORTH MARSTON, BUCKS.—Mr. E. C. JAMESOURNE, Quainton Road. NORWICH.—Mr. J. PLATMAN, 130, Nicholas St. PONTEFRACT.—Mrs. W. PYE, 28, Beckett Gates, South Baileys Gate. BOLSOVER, CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. S. A. MEETAM, 12, Spencer St. BATHERTON, BATH.—Mrs. S. C. COOPER, Beech Cottages. BLAKENHALL, WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. J. H. BARNES, 40, Cobden St. LARKHALL, LANARKSHIRE.—Mr. GILBERT LOGAN, 58, mill St.

STORM!—up to £300.

RHYMNEY, MON.—Mr. L. COVE, 147, Hill St. SCOTSWOOD-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. M. POWER, 5, Back Prospect Terr. MILFORD HAVEN.—Mr. JAS. WARLOW, 14, Mantle Hall. MERTHYR VALE.—Mrs. M. G. GIBBY, 25, Mison Ville. WEST HAM, E.—Mr. R. H. BISHOP, 11, Portway. BARGOED.—Mrs. D. G. NICHOLAS, 9, Cross St., Gilfach. ABERBEIDIZ.—Mr. WM. EVANS, Rydal Rd. PENYGRAIG, GLAM.—Mrs. W. BURMAN, 32, Edmondstown Rd. WHITEHAVEN.—Mrs. M. J. QUIGLEY, 5, Richardson's Court, 20, Scotch St. SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. A. RAFFLE, 37, Bythorne St.

ACCIDENTS—£3 per week.

LONDON, W.C.—Mrs. E. GURMAN, 39, Consaught House, Euston Buildings. BELPER.—Mr. F. J. EDWARDS, Bleak Cottage, Bridge St. BREDE.—Mr. A. WILLARD, Meadow Farm Cottage, Broad Oak. NEWBURN, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mr. D. L. DEERMAN, 54, Westmacott St. WARRINGTON.—Mrs. K. CROSSLAND, 91, Elsemere St. LARKHALL.—Mrs. S. ROSS, 73, Muir St. BISHOP AUCKLAND.—Mrs. M. PALMER, 67, Pembroke St., Leeholme. BELFAST.—Mrs. R. SILVEY, 22, Geoffrey St. HAWARDEN, Nr. CHESTER.—Mrs. E. JOHNSON, Wood Lane.

This wonderful Double Gift FREE!

IF you are NOT ALREADY a reader of "The Passing Show," and if you will undertake to give it a trial for ten successive weeks, we will present to you absolutely FREE a double gift of a Half-guinea "Gillette" Razor Set AND a 5-Lever Self-filling "Passing Show" Fountain Pen, fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. To qualify for your Gift, we ask you to cut out and affix ten consecutively numbered coupons from the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "The Passing Show" to the Gift Voucher, which will be sent on receipt of Reservation Form below.

Directly your Gift Voucher, properly completed, is received by "The Passing Show," your FREE 15/6 Double Gift will be forwarded.

Fill in the forms below To-day. Hand the ORDER FORM to your Newsagent. Post RESERVATION FORM to "The Passing Show." Upon receipt of Reservation Form, Gift Voucher will be posted to you and at the same time our magnificent double Gift will be set aside and reserved in your name. ACT NOW!

N.B. *Offer applies only to those residing in British Isles. When applicants have qualified they must send One Shilling to cover postage, packing, insurance and pocket clip.*

Post this Form to "The Passing Show."

POST AT ONCE

J/G5

Reservation Form

This Form brings your GIFT VOUCHER

To "The Passing Show" (Dept. J/G.5)
85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

This Form reserves in your name the Double Gift of a Genuine Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set and a 5/- Lever Self-filling Fountain Pen.

I CERTIFY that I am not already a reader of "The Passing Show," and that I have not purchased "The Passing Show" for the last three months, also that I have not already qualified for one of the Free 15/6 Gifts under this scheme. I undertake, commencing with the number on sale this week, to give "The Passing Show" a trial for ten consecutive weeks. I have to-day placed an order with the under-mentioned newsagent for the regular delivery of "The Passing Show," and give his name and address for verification purposes. In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name your Free Gift of a Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set, AND a 5/- Lever Self-filling Fountain Pen, and also send me the 15/6 Gift Voucher on which I may qualify for my gift. As I have now placed a standing order for the regular delivery of "The Passing Show," please register me under "The Passing Show" Free Travel and Accident Insurance Gift, and send me Registration Certificate setting forth full benefits and conditions. N.B.—You may post this form in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. Applicants MUST also enclose halfpenny stamped addressed envelope to cover return postage on Gift Voucher and Registration Certificate.

Z

Leave this space blank.

New Reader's Name .....
Address .....
.....
New Reader's Signature .....
Newsagent's Name ..... Date .....
Address .....
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 29.12.28.

☞ Don't forget to enclose halfpenny stamped addressed envelope for reply. ☜

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

ORDER FORM

"THE PASSING SHOW"—TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve "The Passing Show" for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
Date .....

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
Date .....

J.B., 29.12.28.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL.
Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name (CAPITAL LETTERS) ..... Age .....
in full.
Address .....
.....
Reader's Signature .....
Name and address of Newsagent .....
.....
Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

J.B., 29.12.28.

BIG BULLETS' FIRST
—AND NEW YEAR PRIZES
10 PRIZES OF £5
10 PRIZES OF £2·10·0
100 NEW YEAR HAMPERS
£600
250 NEW YEAR CAKES
£50
500 PRIZES OF 2/6
£25
10,000 TARGET PRIZES
100 NEW-YEAR HAMPERS
each containing Surrey Fowl, Both Sausages, Cigarettes, Dundee Cake, Crystallised Fruit, Chocolates Crackers, and a Bottle of Fine Old Port.
250 NEW-YEAR-CAKES
Buszards guarantee these richly iced cakes, value 12/6 each. Weight 5lb
New Year greetings from John Bull

SEASONABLE PRIZES

"YOU will see it is determination to win has got me there," says Mr. Harry Pearson, who won the £500 First Prize last week for the Bullet: CRASH! — STAGE CARPENTER ALSO AMATEUR. Mr. Pearson only had a Board School education, but kept his eyes and ears open and devoted himself to "careful study and plenty of it." Now £500 has come "to provide a home or a nest-egg for a rainy day" for a working man with a wife and two children "all interested in that wonderful hobby, *Bullets*."

The additional opportunities afforded by Christmas holidays should assist your will to win a prize this week. You have only until January 5th to make your *Bullets* for the big £600 First or one of the 100 New Year Hampers and 250 New Year Cakes which are special attractions. "Simply splendid and very welcome" was the verdict of a New Year prize-winner last January and it will be heartily endorsed by the 350 winners in this week's final offer of seasonable fare.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

YOU can start making *Bullets* this week. Read through the list of *Examples* in the next column, select one and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which fit with aptness and originality. The following recent First Prize lines will show you how *Bullets* are constructed:—

IN DEEP WATER—NATIONS, WHILST "GULFS" REMAIN.

"YOU'RE SACKED!"—"FREEDOM" WAGE "SLAVE" DREADS.

EVERYBODY—FINDING WINSTON "A HANDFUL."

ADVANCE DETAILS FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 700.

First Prize, £700—Second Prize, £50—Third Prize, £25—20 Celebration Cheques of £7—80 Celebration Cheques of £2—500 prizes of 2s. 6d.—8,000 New "Target" Prizes.

Full list of "Examples" below:—

An A.1 Nation—Criminals—For Many—Greed for Gold—Wise Counsel—In Due Course—All Dressed Up—Discreetly—Revenge Is Sweet—Miles Away—My Little Nest-egg—"Here We Are Again!"—The Share-holders—Another Century—Showing His Ignorance—The Postmaster-General—Criticising—Staggering—In Power—Wicked Waste—A New Note—Not A Friend—Side By Side—£400 A Year—Ominous—Christianity—Miner's Dream—He Went Skating, But—Golden Eggs—Nightly—Judging By Results—Have We A Government?

(Closing Saturday, January 12th.)

Choose from these Examples.

FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE
GOOD WILL
THANKS TO THE POLICE
HUGE PROFIT
MAN OF HER DREAMS
ANXIOUS TIME
LONELINESS
IN THE NEW YEAR
NO FOOL
GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE
DOWN ON THE FARM
FROZEN
[illegible]
AMAZES EVERYBODY
FOR THE MINERS
REAL SPORT
"HELP! HELP!"
OLD COMRADES
TAXES
DOWN UNDER
AT THE BANQUET
GRIT
THE KILL-JOYS
GUIDING LIGHT
STILL SURVIVES
MELODY OF LOVE
ONE BRIGHT SPOT
A DOSE OF PRISON
I'D LIKE A CAR, BUT
HOPING
LIKE A PANTOMIME
WHAT WE CAN DO

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 699 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £600 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" 697 will be displayed in the window of Mr. G. Cooper, Corunna, Crosby, Staffs.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 699, "John Bull" Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Closing Date, SATURDAY [illegible].

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(699) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, SATURDAY, Jan. 5.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(699) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Use Two Three or Four words. Enter name and address clearly in ink.

Closing Date, SATURDAY, Jan. 5.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(699) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, SATURDAY, Jan. 5.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(699) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

FIGHT

THAT

CHILL

WITH

BOVRIL

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